THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " If not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " If not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " If not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞ To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1880. NUMBER 48.

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Administrator's and Executor's Notices.....
Auditor's Notices.....
Stray and similar Notices.....
Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞ Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.

Jon Printing of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

THE PITTSBURGH
WEEKLY POST
For the Year 1881.

DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZATION PRINCIPLES AND CANDIDATES.

No Lowering the Flag, No Surrender, No Concession,

But the Renewal of the Old Battle for an Old Time Victory.

The year 1881 will mark a new era in our political history, with an incoming Administration that can be completed at beginning in possession of power—with Congress evenly divided in both branches—with the states half Democratic and half Republican. The Republican party cannot carry through extreme sectional legislation, but will undoubtedly make insidious attacks on the Constitution and the virtue of the people by profligate use of the public revenues. The spirit of centralization is still rampant in that party—it is its controlling tendency, and will be furthered by its every act in the Administration. A magnificent government, on the paternal plan, republican in outward form but in reality monarchical, is the dream of the intolerant leaders of the Republican party's reorganizing for 1881.

Never was there a greater necessity for activity, watchfulness and unyielding political integrity, than there is at this time. As the only opposition party it can defeat the conspirators. Its organization must be maintained in all its old strength. To the faithful of the Democratic party is confided the exalted duty of defeating the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. The year 1881 and the following years will be years of trial. The people are to defend and maintain organization in its greatest effectiveness.

The Democratic Party is committed to this principle in all its length and breadth, and if possible more vigorously and uncompromisingly than in the past. It will be the party's bold to the hands of its trusted leaders to spread Democratic truth and promote by all honorable means the success of Democratic candidates, National, State and local.

So much for the political course of THE WEEKLY POST during the coming year; but in all its departments it will maintain the highest degree of excellence to its readers as a family journal.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT will be enriched by a choice and carefully selected miscellany, consisting of the best poetry, selected humor and biography.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT will be carefully edited and include a full summary of the events of the week at home and abroad, with specials, telegrams and correspondence from Washington and Harrisburg during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature.

AN AGRICULTURAL and HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT will be added as a new and attractive feature.

THE MARKET REPORTS will be a complete record of cattle markets, will be prepared with the utmost care, and afford information of the highest value to the farmer and dealer.

EDITORIALLY, THE WEEKLY POST will discuss all questions with candor and sincerity. It will promote, and in no small degree inaugurate revival and relief in all efforts to strengthen and consolidate the Democratic organization. It therefore appeals with confidence to Democrats to second its efforts by extending its circulation.

TERMS:
THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST.
EIGHT PAGES—FIFTY-SIX COLUMNS.

One Copy - One Year.....$1.50
In Clubs of Five or More.....1.25
An Extra Copy for Every Club of Ten.
Specimen Sent Free. Sample Copy.

THE DAILY POST.
Published Every Morning (except Sunday).
By Mail, per annum, postage free.....$6.00
" 6 months, " " 3.00
" 3 months, " " 2.00

Address the Publishers,
JAS. P. BARR & CO.,
128 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SUN FOR 1881.

The New York Sun for 1881 will be issued every day in the year, and will present the news, in the editions of that date, in the most comprehensive form and at the least possible expenditure of time to the reader. The Sun will print all the news that is fit to print, and will endeavor to tell the truth about it. It will not be a respectable journal, but it will not be unnecessarily offensive to the proprieties of life. It will not print the details of certain trials, but it will tell the whole truth about them. It will not be the servile tool of any party, but it will support that party which, in its judgment, best subserves the interests of the country. It will not support any man for office because he is a politician, or because he is not a politician, but because it believes him honest, capable, faithful to the Constitution, and devoted to the welfare of the people. It will not support any man for office because he is rich, or because he is poor, but because it believes him to be the best man for the place. It will not oppose any man for office because he is rich, or because he is poor, but because it believes him to be dishonest, incapable, unfaithful to the Constitution, or hostile to the welfare of the people. It will not support any man for office because he is a politician, or because he is not a politician, but because it believes him to be honest, capable, faithful to the Constitution, and devoted to the welfare of the people. It will not support any man for office because he is rich, or because he is poor, but because it believes him to be the best man for the place. It will not oppose any man for office because he is rich, or because he is poor, but because it believes him to be dishonest, incapable, unfaithful to the Constitution, or hostile to the welfare of the people. It will not support any man for office because he is a politician, or because he is not a politician, but because it believes him

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$
1 " 3 months	
1 " 6 months	
1 " 1 year	
2 " 3 months	
2 " 6 months	
2 " 1 year	
3 " 6 months	
3 " 1 year	
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Never was there a greater necessity for activity, watchfulness and unyielding political integrity, than there now is in the Democratic party. As an opposition party it can defeat the schemes, but its organization must be maintained in all its old vigor, its principles, usages and traditions cherished; its own selected leaders trusted and encouraged; its membership strengthened, and educated in the faith of the fathers. To the Democratic party is enabled the exalted duty of defeating the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. Therefore it is the highest patriotism for every Democrat to maintain organization in its greatest strength.

The PITTSBURGH POST is committed to this principle of duty in the party, and it possible to make it more rigorously so than ever before in the past, will labor to strengthen the party, both in the hands of its trusted leaders, spread Democratic truth and promote by all honorable means the election of Democratic candidates, National, State and local.

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THE SUN FOR 1881.

[illegible] weekly reads THE SUN. In the editions of [illegible] paper throughout the year to come every [illegible] will be found:

I. All the world's news, so presented that the reader will get the greatest amount of information in the least possible expenditure of time and eyesight. THE SUN long ago discovered the golden mean between redundant fulness and unintelligible brevity.

II. Much of that sort of news which depends less upon its recognized importance than upon its interest to mankind. From morning to morning THE SUN is continued story of the lives of real men and women, of their deeds, pleas, loves, hates, and troubles. This story is more exciting, more interesting than any romance that was ever devised.

III. Good writing in every column, and freshness, originality, accuracy, and decorum in the treatment of every subject.

IV. Honest comment. THE SUN's habit is to speak out fearlessly whatever it has to say.

V. Equal candor in dealing with each political party, and equal readiness to commend what is right and to rebuke what is blamable in Democrats or Republicans.

VI. Absolute independence of partisan organizations, but unwavering loyalty to true Democratic principles. THE SUN believes that the Government which the Constitution established is a good one to keep. Its notion of duty is to resist to its utmost power the efforts of men in the Republican party to change any one form of government in place of that which exists. The years 1881 and 1884, years immediately following will probably decide three extremely important contests. THE SUN believes that the victory will be with the people as against the Rings for monopoly, the Rings for plunder, and the Rings for imperial power.

Upon these principles and with these purposes THE SUN will be published in the year 1881.

For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday edition of the largest sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free. Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

1880-1. 1880-1.

THE PATRIOT,
DAILY AND WEEKLY,
FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

THE subscription price of the WEEKLY PATRIOT has been reduced to $1.50 per copy per annum, and subscribers to the FREEMAN who wish to get a first-class Democratic journal from the State capital can be furnished with both papers at the low rate of $2.25 per year, with 25 cents added for postage when sent outside of Cambria county.

To clubs of FIVE and upwards the WEEKLY PATRIOT will be furnished at the extraordinarily cheap rate of 75 cents per copy per annum.

The DAILY PATRIOT will be sent to any address, during the sessions of Congress and the Legislature, at the rate of 50 cents per month.

Under the act of Congress the publisher prepays the postage and subscribers are relieved from that expense.

Every subscription must be accompanied by the cash.

Now is the time to subscribe. The approaching session of Congress and the Legislature will be of very extraordinary interest and their proceedings will be fully reported. Specimen copies and prospectus of them will be given in the Weekly.

Address PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.,
320 Market Street, Harrisburg.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of Patrick O'Friel, Trustee to sell the real estate of Peter McGuire, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will attend at his office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 25th day of January, 1881, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons having claims are required to present them, or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund. P. J. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 10, 1880.—3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of WILLIAM LITTLE, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of Wm. Little, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned Executors, they hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
FRANCIS L. LITTLE, } Executors.
MARTIN L. CAREL, }
Clearfield Twp., Nov. 12, 1880.—6t.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in Washington township, on or about the 1st of September last, a light red bull, about a year and a half old; no marks on the cow is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.
P. McMANAMY.
Davidson, Dec. 10, 1880.—3t.*

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.

THE HOLIDAYS
—AT—
JOHN WANAMAKER'S,
THIRTEENTH, MARKET AND CHESTNUT STREETS, AND CITY-HALL SQUARE,
PHILADELPHIA.

I have found out a gift for my fair.
—Shakespeare.

Robes de chambre and smoking-jackets, $8 to $25. We mention the prices in place of description; the lower prices are upon garments of ease and comfort, the higher upon the luxuries.
East of the Chestnut street entrance.

Umbrellas. We have now fully 3,000 English silk umbrellas. We had a little while ago 200 Parisian handles, only one of a kind, value $8.50 to $15 each (the umbrellas are English, though the handles are French). We venture to believe that the half of them now left is the richest collection of artistic umbrellas in the country. Common umbrellas, i. e., plain silk, zanilla, and gingham, constitute, of course, the largest part of our stock.
East of the Chestnut street entrance; also Market street entrance.

Scarf-pins, sleeve-buttons, etc. You can see at a glance a hundred styles of Parisian novelties. They are so distinct from any others current that they make a class by themselves. Not everybody wants them, and yet they are made for very diverse tastes.
Chestnut street entrance; also middle Market street entrance.

Neck wear. Nothing can be profitably said of it, except that some is rich, some is gay, some is plain.
Chestnut street entrance; also middle Market street entrance.

Gloves. Not much more is to be said, except that some are kid and others are called kid. You can buy what you like here; in most stores they are all kid.

There are leather gloves, too, thicker and more substantial; and silk and cototh, warmer.
Outer circle, west of Chestnut street entrance.

Underwear and hosiery. At this counter is a wide range or choice, almost as wide as the whole world affords. We have the richest goods and nearly the cheapest. There is a class of goods made only to sell, and good for almost nothing to wear, which we do not keep.
Outer circle, east of the Chestnut street entrance.

Shirts. The finest dress shirt, made to measure only, $2.25; the grade usually sold for $3. Ready-made dress shirts for $1.25 and under. Boys' shirts $0.65 and .90c only.
Chestnut street entrance.

Handkerchiefs—silk, linen, embroidered, lace. Our variety of each kind is larger than we can easily convey a notion of. Buying in quantities as we do and of the makers themselves, we can sell at surprising prices.
Third circle, southwest from the center.

Two or three perfumes, *Mary Stuart*, for one, certain; *Wild Olive*, almost as certain; *White Rose*—don't compare ALFRED WRIGHT'S *White Rose* with anybody's.
Second circle, northwest from the center.

The upon-which-to-write-letters. One of the daintiest of gifts is of writing paper, if it be exactly suited to the receiver. For one it may be a very rich box with very little paper, illuminated with address or initial, or monogram; for another it may be two or three quarter-reams, with envelopes, of course. And this leads to portfolios and writing-desks; and they may easily lead to extravagance.
Second circle, northwest from the center.

A dress-pattern is a never-failing resource; it never conflicts with anything else; but the lady ought to choose it, or, at least, some one familiar with her wardrobe.
Silks, next outer circle, east of the Chestnut street entrance.
Black dress goods, next outer circle, west of the Chestnut street entrance.
Colored dress goods, nine counters, near the Thirteenth street entrance.

A cloak or shawl. We have imported not only rich cloaks, but very plain ones, thousands of them. Your purse is your limit. We shall tempt you at every price you can name, from $10 to $250. Of shawls you have choice almost as free.
Southeast corner of the building.

A seal sacque, a circular or delman, ermine-lined, or squirrel-lined, a muff and collar, a cap and gloves, a robe, a rug. Furs are not known enough of to buy at random; you must trust the seller. You ought to buy where you are surest you will get genuine furs and pound skins. We do what we can to deserve confidence. We have a well-known furrier to manage; he knows all about our goods; we keep no secrets; we are below the market somewhat, perhaps $25 on a sacque.
Thirteenth street entrance.

Sets of table-cloths and napkins, $20 to $75; ditto embroidered in colors, $75. Table linen, $0.75 to $2.50. Napkins, per dozen, $0.85 to $25.
Outer circle, City-hall-square entrance.

JOHN WANAMAKER.
Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City Hall Square.

Children First—Dolls from one cent to twenty dollars; and everything that dolls require to be perfectly happy. Baby elephants, talking elephants, walking elephants. More noises to be heard in that new, big toy-room than you can count.
Entrance at outer circle, west of the Chestnut street entrance.

Fur caps for boys and men, too; the richest collection anywhere. Now, we don't think fur caps are good for the head; but we sell a good many things that are not good for the head; can't help it. You may as well pay $18 as $25 if you *will have* a fine seal or otter cap. Our highest price is $18, and you can't find a richer cap; but you can pay $25 for the very same, if you prefer. French seal is coney, musk-rat or mink-dressed and dyed to imitate seal. French seal caps we have from $2.50 to $6. Skating caps at 35 cents (not worth buying, though; we keep them because some of you will have them), substantial ones from 65 cents to $2. Everything else in hats and caps; and you are welcome to know just what you are buying.
Northeast corner of the building.

Boys' clothing. Nothing new to say about it. The old story is that we have more styles here than anywhere else; it's the handiest place to buy; it ought to be the best place to buy.
North of the outer circle, toward Market street.

Girls' dresses and coats. If the girls' things are brighter than the boys' we can't help it; we make the boys' as bright as we can.
West of the Chestnut street entrance.

Gifts for school-children. School-helps of many sorts; writing, drawing, ciphering, and carrying facilities. You can see quickly almost everything made for school-children. The school-counter is one of the most interesting in the store.
Third circle, northwest from the center.

Of books for children we have all the most desirable ones of the year, and almost all the standard favorites. Picture-books and story-books without number; histories and books of instruction, as many as the trade has kept alive.
Second circle, northwest from the center.

Fans from 50c. to $25; a very varied collection within these limits.
First circle, southwest from the center.

Photograph albums, portfolios and scrap-books, all the way from very rich to very plain.
Second circle, northwest from the center.

Silver ware. Flat ware, ice-cream service, napkin-rings, children's sets, children's cups, combination-sets, ladies, sugar-tongs, &c.
Outer circle, City-hall-square entrance.

Silver plated ware. Tea sets, and all table-belongings. In hollow ware we have only the very best grade of plate; in flat ware we have the three highest grades of plate; the lowest grade we do not keep. We have a large collection of the newest designs; and you have this advantage in buying, aside from the price; we know exactly what our goods are, and tell you.
Outer circle, City-hall-square entrance.

Writing-paper and facilities. We have, by far, the largest stationery trade in Philadelphia. We have the finest and plainest of everything. Papetries, now in special favor, we have a fine stock of, especially rich boxes.
Third circle, northwest from centre.

Gentlemen's furnishing. A comprehensive stock. Notice watch-chains of French-rolled plate, 25 patterns.
Chestnut street entrance.

Black dress-goods. The most varied and richest stock in Philadelphia.
Next outer circle, southwest of the centre.

Evening silks. A few specimens are in the arcade. Many more are within.
Next outer circle, southwest of the centre.

Colored dress-goods. Our stock fills nine counters; no other in the city approaches it in magnitude, variety or value. Here are a few items of very low cost:

German plaids	$0.13½
Cashmeres, all colors	12½
Momie cloths, all colors	15
Cloth suitings	20
Great variety of fabrics	25
Lupin's merinos	50
Flannel suitings	65
French chuddis	65
French camel's-hair	75

But there is no stopping place. In the richer goods especially the variety is very great.
Thirteenth street entrance.

The press of every fair day makes it good advice to do your shopping early in the morning. The case will grow worse till Christmas day.

Trimmed hats are in readiness for the Opera and all other occasions of the season. Bonnets trimmed and untrimmed.
Thirteenth street entrance.

Down quilts, $4.50 to $12. Samples of the down to show. Blankets, $2 to $25.
Outer circle, west of Chestnut-street entrance.

Paris and Vienna goods. This name has come to cover thousands of articles of luxury and use, useful things in luxurious guise. The counters are gorgeous with them.
First circle southwest from the centre.

Handkerchiefs, silk, linen and lace. If one wishes to see what is within the limits of human ingenuity upon so prosaic an article as the handkerchief she may be gratified at two or three counters.
Southwest from the centre.

Embroideries. Next spring's novelties are already here. They usually come at New Year's. So far as styles are concerned you may select now with perfect safety. They are enough and rich enough. More will be produced, of course; but these will not be superseded.
Third circle, southwest from the centre.

Crape. Philadelphia does not want 5-4 crape. Everything else the Courtauld makes we have, $1 to $2 a yard.

Armures, 44-inch, $0.85 to $1.35, and drap d'almas, 36-inch, $1.50 to $2, are considered, not bargains exactly, but very close prices.

There is no stock of black dress-goods nearly so rich and full in Philadelphia, perhaps not anywhere.
Next outer circle, southwest from the centre.

Dress trimmings. Our trade is parallel with that in dress-goods. We have all grades, and of so many varieties as to surprise anybody who has not seen the counter.
Third circle, northeast from the centre.

ALFRED WRIGHT'S perfumes. His *Mary Stuart* is probably the most lasting of all the agreeable perfumes; none of the foreign ones approach it. It is very rich, strong and full of life; it is agreeable to more persons, probably, than any other perfume.

Wild Olive is the next in popularity; this also is singularly powerful and lasting. *White Rose* is delicate and lasting.

We keep the preferred odors of all the first-class perfumers, such as Lubin, Bailey, Atkinson and Coudray; but of ALFRED WRIGHT'S we keep all.

Bring an unperfumed handkerchief; and you shall have a sample of any odor you wish.
First circle, northwest from the centre.

Colored Dress Goods. The following just received, are away down in prices: French camel's-hair, 47-inch, $0.75 and .85; French Cheviot suiting, silk-and-wool, 43 inch, $0.75; French foule, all-wool, 28-inch, $0.28.

By looking out for such opportunities a lady may often save half.
Nine counters, Thirteenth-street entrance.

Black Goods. A lady wanting any of the following will be obliged for the mention of them: Silk-and-wool satin de Lyon, 85 cents; silk faced velours, $1.00; momie cloth, 75 cents; damasse drap d'ete, $1.50; damasse cashmere, $1.25.

All the prices except the first are probably below the cost of manufacture, and even the first may be.
Next outer circle, southwest from the centre.

Sachets, tidies, lamp-shades, pin-cushions, boxes, in satin and plush, embroidered and painted.
First circle, southwest from the centre.

Clocks, $1.85 to $1.50; all guaranteed.
City-hall-square entrance.

Duchesse vest with Point medallions, $50; the same may be seen elsewhere at $70.
Nine counters, southwest from the centre.

Toys. New room, new toys.
Outer circle, west of Chestnut street entrance.

A catalogue of books may be had at the book counter. We want every reader to have it. The list of children's holiday book is especially complete.
Second circle, southwest from the centre.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"A little child shall lead them."

What go ye out, O Christian men!
This early morn to see?
Dark is the sky, and chill the snow
Lieth on bush and tree.

"We seek a little royal Child
Born unto us to-day,
Who, from His mother's lap, o'er realms
Uncounted holdeth sway;
We go to bear Him worthy gifts,
As men have done of old—
True worship's lamb of sacrifice,
True service's faithful gold."

How shall ye find this new-born King?
In heaven no star doth shine:
Without such sign how shall ye know
Where rests this Child Divine?

"Though shines no star this winter morn,
Though far His Father's home,
We shall not fear through dark and chill
Unto our King to come.
Cold is the earth that harbors Him,
The roof that shelters low,
Upon the empty hearth-drifts down
The softly-falling snow."

But fear ye not, O Christian men!
To give your gifts anew?
In raiment soft are princes clothed,
Their state not such as this

"In heaven our King wears royal robes
Resplendent as the sun,
But here we know Him in the garb
Of earth's most abject one;
Where little hands are stretched to plead
For food, and life, and love,
We see the star prophetic shine
The childish face above.
'What do ye to the least of mine
Ye do to me,' saith He.
The Christ-Child lives for us to-day
In homes of poverty.
So as we light on snow-strewn hearth
The Yule log's cheerful blaze,
We hear amid the crackling flames
The Christmas angels' praise.
'Glory to God on high,' they sing:
'On earth be blessing still,
And peace to gentle men of will that seek
God's pleasure to fulfil.'"

O Christian men! wait but a space,
Till I my offering bring:
To place within the pleading hands
Of Christ, our new-born King.
My heart's true worship lift ye up
To our Emanuel:
Take ye my poor hands' scanty gold
And I'll take o'er the crucible
Its yellow glitter may win heat
To warm the barren hearth
Where Jesus, in his little ones,
Is set to bide the earth.

—*Edith Cook in Catholic World for January.*

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas."

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

With snow in pale volumes, by savage winds hurled,
The night before Christmas has wrapt the wild world;
And now to its noises the little ones hark
While the nursery window looks forth on the dark.
While wildly against the black bank of the sky
Those phantoms of snow-clouds pass hurrying by,
The brains of the children share form after form
From out the white vapors that swirl of the storm:
Huge lions that ramp; mighty bears that prance;
White wallowing whales of prodigious expanse—
Till now they discern a strange figure, whose back,
Is bent as with burdens, whose rotund pack,
And streaming in front of his white fur-lined coat,
The beard of Kris Kringle like blown ocean spray!

Ah, happy young creamers, dream on as ye will!
See merry St. Nicholas trading to fill,
Through each wintry gusty, with bene-olent trend,
The stockings you hang beside mantel or bed!
Hug fast your delusion, O soft dimpled arms
And gaily while you can its illusory charms!
Too soon will your manhood hand tear aside
The sweet veil of fancy whose flimsiness hides,
Like the blemish, deep-sunk in the rose'ered youth,
That stern disappointment, life's actual truth!—
And early darling realists, content in your creed,
How blest were your fate through the future, indeed,
If each disenchantment on earth left behind
Such a precious result as awakening to find
That in place of your Santa Claus, wrought from
a cloud,
Was the love that engirds you, fond, vigilant,
proud;
Love eager to bring, ere the morrow shall rise,
New mirth to your laughter, new light to your
eyes!

A CHRISTMAS TABLEAU VIVANT.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Jerusalem!"

It was a favorite expletive of good Deacon Parks when excitement got the butter of his usual placid way, and his wife looked up in astonishment as he came stamping into the house, slammed the door after him and stirred up the fire until the hickory blazed and roared like an incipient volcano.

"Gracious! What is the matter now, Joby?" she exclaimed, pausing in her baking operations, wiping the flour from her hands upon her huge apron and lowering her glasses from her forehead to her nose to obtain a better look at her husband and satisfy herself that he had not suddenly lost his wits.

"Why, day after to-morrow is Christmas!"

"As if I didn't know that! Haven't I been making preparations for it for more than a week? Could me without mince-pies and fried cakes and cranberry jelly and a great, bouncing turkey?" and she smiled complacently at the thought of the good things already prepared.

"And I never thought of it until just now—been so busy," he apologized, as if in reality he had been guilty of some great crime.

"Well, it don't matter, Job; and I would not worry about it, for I have taken care of everything for the blessed day, and Minerva will be home from teaching school. Poor child! how she must suffer this weather, sleeping in cold rooms and like as not without a feather-bed and—"

"What then?" questioned a merry voice, as a pretty, rosy piece of mischief came bounding into the room, shaking the snow from her long, golden curls, and running up to her father, fairly smothered him for a moment with kisses and then darted away, laughing, to her mother, twined her arms about her neck and greeted her as warmly.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed the old man as soon as he could regain his breath, though with his honest face flushed with joy, and his lips quivering with emotion, for his daughter was indeed as the apple of his eye and the one thing upon earth altogether lovely.

"My dear, precious lamb," whispered the fond mother, through tears of happiness, as with busy fingers she removed the jaunty little cap, furs, cloak and gloves, "to think you have come safely back to me once more and—"

"Now," interrupted the girl, "I should like to know what father was talking about when I came in."

"So unexpected," said the mother.

"We did not look for you until to-morrow night."

"Oh, I had a chance to ride home," replied the girl, blushing, "and got permission to let out school. But you were talking about me, father?"

"Well, yes," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "and I was about to say when you came rushing in like a young bear—about to say, though mind, I didn't—that if you kept on teaching other people's brats you wouldn't have strength to teach your own—when you get them," and he laughed loudly at the changed expression of her face.

"For shame," responded Minerva. "But I'll pay you for that, father. Remember, I am a young lady now, and you can't joke with me with impunity, as you once did."

"A young lady?" Whew! And I suppose some young gentleman put himself to immense trouble to bring you home through the cold and storm and didn't forget to collect toll at all the bridges. Aren't your lips sore, daughter?"

The girl colored still more deeply, and bustled around to help her mother set the table for dinner, that she might escape the teasing; but her father enjoyed it too much, and he asked:

"Who was it, child? Some of them seapegrace clerks from Beaverton, I'll be bound."

"You know I never associate with them," she responded indignantly. "Mr. Frank Emmons brought me home."

"O—h!" with a low whistle. "Yes, he is a nice and proper young man, and has such pretty black hair and eyes, and teeth and moustache, and such white hands, and sings like half a dozen angels, and walks so gently," and the old gentleman arose and strutted mincingly around the room in burlesque imitation of the attendant of his daughter.

Minerva could not but laugh, yet pretending to take no notice, glided about arranging the dishes, and her mother asked where the young man was.

"I know," said her father, answering the question for her. "Our daughter has rolled him up in pink cotton and sprinkled him with cologne and put him in a bandbox for fear he will get mussed."

"He will be here Christmas Eve," interrupted Minerva, with a strong effort at sobriety; "he and a number of others. I knew you would not care, father, if I invited them."

"Not I," answered the old man heartily, and taking the curly head between his broad palms he drew her tenderly to him and kissed the rosy and dimpled cheeks. "You are truly our one lamb. Yes, you did perfectly right, and it will be pleasant to have the house filled with young folks and have a rousing, merry time. That is how Christmas ought to be kept."

"We are going to have *tableaux vivants*, and one of them will surprise you, father."

He was that already, and had about as much conception of what was intended as of the lucid (?) explanation of Herbert Spencer of the Darwinian theory, and for him to have repeated the words with the French accent given by his child would have been an utter impossibility, so he pretended knowledge, shook his head sagely, gave a very knowing wink, but kept silent and soon found that pressing business required his absence.

But the doting mother was taken into full confidence, and she and Minerva had a long, earnest and apparently deeply interesting conversation upon the subject—one that continued for over an hour; indeed it had not concluded when the old man returned, for he caught the name of the minister and asked:

"What are you going to have Dominie Martin here for, child?"

"Oh, just because I like him, and his wife is such a dear old lady, and they will be very lonely on such a day, with their children all married and away from home. So I thought you would like to see them, and if he is here everything will be sure to go right, and it is Christmas, you know, and—"

"Child, you fooled on, for mercy's sake!" exclaimed her father, "or you won't have breath enough left to eat your dinner, and that would be very bad."

"But you wanted to know, and—"

"You have told me sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mortal man," he said as he took his place at the table and began loading her plate as if she was in danger of starvation for a month.

Dinner over—it was one of the substantial, old-fashioned kind, though the mother had added the richest of dessert delicacies to tempt her child, as if there was no such thing as dyspepsia in the land—and the Deacon took an easy chair by the broad hearth, lighted his pipe, and between the curling clouds of smoke resumed the subject of the morning conversation.

"How many are you going to have, daughter?" he questioned.

"All the boys and girls."

"Boys first, every time with your sex, and girls with the other," he laughed, "but all means how many?"

"Well (reflectively,) from fifty to seventy-five."

"Gracious! the old house will scarcely hold them, and will be certain to be torn down with their romping. But what does mother say?"

"Oh, she is perfectly satisfied, aren't you mother dear?" and a look of understanding passed between parent and daughter.

"Then all I have to do is to help the riot along, for riot it will be with so many youngsters together. But what was it you said you were going to have?"

"A tub'lo vennang," was answered with the broadest possible French accentation.

"Ah, yes, I remember, and no doubt it will be grand."

"I think you will find it solemn, father."

"Yes, yes," and fearful she should see how much he was puzzled, he instantly changed the subject and continued: "Well, it will take a lot to feed so many boys and girls. They are always hungry, and can devour more than so many wolves. So, Hannah, I fear you haven't provided one quarter enough."

"You are right," responded his wife, "since our pet told me about her plans and how many would be here, I have been calculating."

"Well, they shan't go away hungry, if there is enough in the land to feed them. I'll have Mike kindle a fire under the big farm kettle, and kill lots of chickens and turkeys, and send him for Mr. Smith to help dress them, and when I go over to town to-morrow I'll bring home some oysters and—well, anything else you need to have a good time."

"Oh! how much I thank you, dear father," said Minerva, impulsively springing to his side and kissing him. "You are the kindest and best father in all the world."

"All talk," he laughed, though rare pleasure was visible in his face, "and you'll get married some day and forget all about me."

"Married!" cried the girl, suddenly growing ashy pale. "Never, never again," she continued, with her face flushing to the deepest crimson, "I mean that I'll never forget you."

"Whew," he whistled, "I never saw the wind chop around more suddenly. Catch a girl saying she'll never get married! They would as soon think of not being handsome and having pretty dresses. But you needn't blush so. It's all right and proper, and the natural condition of womankind."

"Then," asked she, archly and coquettishly, standing before him with one little finger thrust between her red lips in mock modesty and bashfulness, "you wouldn't object to my getting married?"

"No, not to a good, honest, industrious man. Why should I? A human heart, and especially of your sex, without love, is as good as wrecked. No, my darling; find a good man whom you can love with your whole heart, and who loves you the same, for I am old-fashioned enough to believe in such things, and I'll not only give my consent but my blessing, something worth having for a start in life, and such a wedding as will make the old rafters ring."

"And suppose, father," questioned the blooming girl, half way between smiles and tears, "suppose it should happen to be Frank—Mr. Emmons, I mean?"

"Humph! I don't know. He is—"

"Just as nice a young fellow as ever lived," interposed his wife.

"Yes, yes. I can't say aught against him, but—"

"I know," laughed Minerva at his confusion, "when you really come to think of giving me up, it is too much. That's it."

"I believe you are right, child. But I must go and see about an extra supply of provisions. Gracious! it will be fortunate if we don't have a famine."

He wiped away the mist from his old eyes, brought there by the thought his daughter had suggested; tried to whistle bravely down the very situation he had with the touch of rugged eloquence defended, and hastened to call the man-of-all-work and give him instructions. "Minerva has come back, Mike," he said "and is going to have some kind of a blow-out on Christmas Eve. She calls it a tabler vevaught, or something of the kind.

"A fwhat?" questioned the Irishman, scratching his head in the most puzzled manner.

"That's what sticks me, Mike, though I did not let her know it. Anyhow there is to be some kind of a female circus, and the animals will want plenty to eat."

"Blessings on the bright eyes of her, and its ivrything on the old farm I'll kill if she wants it, the darlin'."

"Yes, I believe you. That girl seems to have a faculty of twisting every one around her finger, and—"

"Divil a won more than her ould faythor," said Mike as he proceeded to obey the orders he had received, "an' I'll murther lashuns of poultry," well knowing that his share of the feast would be no stinted one.

To a late hour the making ready was continued, and all went to bed tired and happy. And the next day was a continual bustle.—Extra help was summoned, and the kitchen fires roared and the immense Dutch oven glowed and plenty ruled triumphant, while the old deacon was in his glory bringing supplies from town and making himself useful as well as most provokingly officious.

So the day passed and the night came, with everything ready for the grand time.

Early the house began to be filled with a merry company, and were welcomed by father, mother and daughter, the latter resplendent in robes of fleecy white, abundantly trimmed with soft, floating laces and looped with artificial flowers, while natural roses, fringed with myrtle and smilax, were half hidden amid her golden hair and pulsated upon her joyously throbbing bosom.

For an hour there appeared to be a ceaseless chiming of sleigh-bells, and rosy, laughing loads deposited at the door. Indeed, so many were the teams that Mike was frantic to know what to do with them. But the Deacon believed in "the more the merrier" principle, and kept every one busy and contented. Yet for all the gaily dancing and singing company, a shade of perplexity now and then crossed his face. He had not solved the mystery of the *tableau*, and it hung upon him as a troublesome nightmare.

For hours the house rang and trembled upon its solid foundation. It was a veritable beehive of fun and frolic, and many a soft cheek took on deeper roses from stolen kisses; many an innocent heart bounded more swiftly from the encircling arm, and many a pair of ears tingled from the slapping of white hands in payment for saucy jest or pilfered caress.

But good, buxom dame Hannah had almost as much pride in her cooking as in her one dear lamb, and when the ancient clock made its huge, heavy, coffin-like case throb with the ringing of ten, she whispered to her husband, good, prudent soul that she was, that the children must be getting hungry, and she was going to see about the tables.

In response to her suggestion, he sought their daughter and told her they were going to have supper, and that the young folks had better stop romping and cool off, or some of them would be certain to take their death of cold.

"Yes, father," she answered; "but we must have the *tableau* first," and she looked up blushing more deeply than a damask rose in June into the face of Mr. Frank Emmons, upon whose arm she happened to be leaning.

"All right," responded the old man with a sigh of relief, for the burden would soon be lifted from his soul. "Do you want me to help you?"

"No; but tell mother, please, I want her." And Miss Minerva darted away to her own private room, while the old man told the fiddlers to adjourn to the kitchen and make themselves comfortable until wanted again.

Evidently some of the girls understood what was going on, if the Deacon did not, for then a chair in one end of the hall, hung a great patch-work bed-quilt across and marshalled the company into something like order.—Then, after a brief pause, in which there was much whispering, the improvised curtain was drawn aside and disclosed Miss Minerva standing hand in hand with Mr. Frank Emmons, with a young lady and gentleman as supporters, and the old minister before them. Another pause, but silent, the Deacon looked on. He did not comprehend the affair at all, had no practical knowledge of charades, but when certain words had been spoken and a ring passed, a sudden light broke in upon the darkness of his understanding, and he exclaimed with an earnestness that startled all:

"Je-ru-sa-lem! It looks like a marriage!"

The hearty laugh that followed sufficed for a full explanation, and it needed not the assurance of the minister to convince him that his daughter was indeed and legally married to the man of her choice. And yet at first he was disposed to be angry. And he saw the foolishness of such a proceeding, especially as he had previously given his assent to the selection of his daughter, and entered heartily into the laugh against himself.

"That's what you call a—Jerusalem! I can't speak the new tangled name—is it? Yet it wasn't hardly fair to fool the old man so, Minerva. I did expect you would find something in your stockings to-night, child, but not a great, live man. However, it is all right (anything she could have done would have been so) and we'll make the best of it, and your mother and I will have plenty to do in getting things ready to fill the little stockings this time."

A soft white hand stopped his words, red and ripe lips were pressed upon his own, a silken face was laid upon his wrinkled one, a few tears of happiness were rained down upon his broad breast, and with faltering tongue the old man called the young husband to his side, gave him the hand of his darling, and said, "Take her, and may God bless both, my children. If I have lost a daughter I have found a son, and shall have another arm to lean upon when my eyes grow dim and steps unsteady and—"

More he would have said but a great ringing of bells summoned them to supper—and such a supper! It would have made grim Famine commit suicide in despair to have looked upon the tables, and Time threw away his hour-glass and sit blithely down and enjoy the feast. The good mother had known the secret from the first, and with her pride stimulated had distanced all former efforts, even, to produce a Christmas supper, and the only complaint was of excessive fullness, when again the violins summoned the party to the hall.

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS REUNION.—On Christmas it is customary for all the members of a family to collect and unite in merry making, feasting and otherwise enjoying themselves. With what mingled emotions of joy and sorrow are these happy reunions looked back to in after years by participants thinking of those dear ones now, perhaps, separated from them forever!

Let us make a Christmas picture: The sleighrids to the house; the welcome at the door; the bounteous feast, with accompanying jokes and humor; the stories, games and other pastimes that follow; the unveiling of the children's Christmas tree in the evening, and finally the farewell for the night.

Then there is the jolly mystery of famous old "Kris Kringle," who comes in his sleigh drawn by reindeer, over the tops of houses, pops down the chimneys, never spoiling with soot the pretty things he brings, to stuff full the row of stockings that hang from the mantel. Let us imagine for an instant the little, rosy, laughing, happy faces that peep into these stockings in the morning, and shout gleefully as each treasure is brought to light.

Christmas has many happy memories to set against the sad ones that tell of loss of time and friends.

PROUD bird of the barnyard,

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - DEC. 24, 1880.

THE Orangemen of Portadown, Ireland, burned Mr. Parnell in effigy on last Saturday evening, but the probabilities are that Mr Parnell don't care an F—I—G if they did.

THE City of Mexico correspondent of the New York World, in speaking of the recent inauguration of General Gonzalez, the newly elected President of that Republic, says the event was especially notable in the history of the country, for the reason that it is the *second* case only in which the supreme power has been peaceably transferred from one ruler to another since Mexico established her independence under Iturbide, some sixty years ago.

Two hundred and fifty-four years ago Charles I. of England wrote to the Duke of Buckingham as follows: "I can say but litell yet, Ireland (Irelandy being the outlis egg we have yet sitten upon and having a thike shell, we have not yet hatched it." This prompts the Toronto *Globe* to remark that ever since King Charles wrote this letter, "England has been sitting upon that egg and has not yet hatched it." Mr. Gladstone is now in charge of the hen, and from present indications he will not be any more successful than his predecessors have been. The trouble, however, is and always has been more with the hen than with the egg.

DON CAMERON and his henchmen are getting in their work against Grow's Senatorial aspirations with the most satisfactory results. A meeting of the sixteen Republican members of the Senate and House of Representatives from Allegheny county was held in Pittsburg on last Tuesday night, and Cameron's candidate in that county, Harry W. Oliver, was unanimously endorsed. Oliver is a rich iron manufacturer, and about as fit for a Senator as he would be for a saint. But he swears by Cameron and if he is elected won't attempt to eclipse Don as an orator, and that is just the kind of a colleague Cameron wants. Gen. J. K. Moorhead, "Old Slackwater," the Allegheny county candidate of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, was completely submerged by Oliver's oratorical and resistless tide.

THE Chicago *Times*, a paper that scarcely ever says anything good of the Democratic party, publishes what it claims to be a carefully prepared summary of the popular vote cast at the late election for President, as follows:

Hancock	4,428,641
Garfield	4,422,128
Weaver	306,749
Dow	10,855

This gives Hancock a majority over Garfield of 6,513. A statement which we published two or three weeks ago from the Chicago *Tribune* made Garfield's majority over Hancock 2,407. Neither of these statements will likely prove to be correct when the exact vote is ascertained beyond any doubt or discrepancy, but both very nearly express the actual result, and show that the Democratic party, instead of being wiped out of existence as Republican editors are in the silly habit of declaring, is full of its ancient vigor—that it is a political power in the land and does not propose to die.

JUDAH STROBE, of this State, last week resigned his office as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Hayes in his haste nominated to the Senate William B. Woods to fill the vacancy. Woods is an Ohio man, and is now United States Circuit Judge for the Fifth Circuit, embracing Alabama and five other Southern States, having been appointed to the position by Grant in 1869. He went into the army from Newark, Ohio, and at the close of the war settled in Alabama, but appears now, according to Mr. Hayes, to be a resident of Georgia. Whether the Democratic majority in the Senate will confirm this nomination remains to be seen. If they do then Ohio will have three of the nine members of the Court—Chief Justice Waite, Swayne and Woods. Is there no Republican lawyer or Judge in Pennsylvania fit to take Strobe's place? Hayes by his action says there is not, and has thereby offered a deliberate insult to his party in this State. But, aside from this, is Woods the right sort of a man for so high a position, and if he is not, as all his antecedents go to show, will the Democrats in the Senate have the outrage to say so by rejecting his nomination? We will see.

IT is said that one feature of the Irish land League which Mr. Gladstone intends to lay before Parliament when it meets on next Thursday week, is a provision to furnish passage money to Irish families that are willing to emigrate. Could the English government, after centuries of misrule and oppression in Ireland, offer to the world a more humiliating or more criminal confession than this of the complete failure of her policy towards that unhappy country? Here is an Island called "the gem of the ocean," almost within sight of England, blessed with a fertile and productive soil, and with one of the best climates in the world, whose people, after having been robbed, oppressed and persecuted in every conceivable manner and form for more than three hundred years, are now to be told that if they will consent to expatriate themselves to a foreign shore, bidding an eternal farewell to their country and their homes, the money necessary for that purpose will be kindly furnished by the home government. Is it any wonder that the Irish babe drinks in with its mother's milk a feeling of hatred for England, which grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength until manhood is reached, when it ripens into bitter and undying revenge? Irishman are demanding, as they have a right to demand, the possession of the land of their birth, and will hardly now consent to an offer to help them to get to some other part of the world to die among strangers.

BEN BUTLER has been one of the best abused men in the country, but he has just done a thing which reflects infinite credit upon himself, and deserves the widest newspaper circulation. Some years ago, and while he was President of the Board of Managers of the Home for Disabled Soldiers, Horatio Ward, an American living in Europe, willed $125,000 in bonds of several of the States to the Soldiers' Homes. The will was contested, but Butler defended the case and won it. About the time the bonds were expected to arrive in this country he was compelled to be absent for several weeks from home, but he left instructions that the bonds should be deposited in a certain bank, which was done. When he returned the bank had failed, and the bonds were all lost. The loss of these bonds by the failure of the bank gave rise to the story afterwards that Butler was a defaulter as President of the Board in the amount mentioned. It seems that he never made any explanation of the matter, but on Wednesday night of last week, when the Board of Managers were in session at Willard's hotel, in Washington, Butler walked into the room and handed them his check for $122,000, being the principal and interest of the bequest, a considerable amount of the Ward bonds not being at par, and it required just that sum, $122,000, to pay their value. The failure of the bank would have probably released him from all liability to the Board, but, be that as it may, he choose to consider it as a debt against him and paid it, and for having done so deserves honorable mention.

THE editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* has an undoubted legal right to make Grant his idol and to offer up to him the pleasing incense of his flattery, but he must pardon Democrats if they refuse to imitate his example. Hence he ought not to permit his loyal soul to be worried because on Thursday of last week, when a motion was made in the lower branch of Congress to take a recess of ten minutes "to allow the members an opportunity of shaking hands with a man (Grant) as far above them (the Democrats) as a lion is above toads," a large number of the Democratic members, Gen. Coffroth among them, voted against it. Gen. Coffroth's "No" is said in the report of the proceedings, as published in the *Tribune* to have been specially emphatic, and we stand ready to maintain that in giving that vote Gen. Coffroth represented the precise views and feelings of the Democratic portion of his constituents.—There was a time between the close of the war and Grant's elevation to the Presidency in 1869, when Democrats were willing to pay all proper honor to him, but that time passed away when he made his record in administering the civil affairs of the government. Without entering into the details of his corrupt and scandalous administration, there are reasons of a very recent date why no Democrat can or ought to entertain any real respect for Grant. He is the first ex-President who forgot that he had ever occupied that high and responsible position, and assumed the undignified *role* of a stump speaker in a political campaign. In the recent Presidential contest he rendered himself notoriously conspicuous for the scurvy part he took in it, and forever forfeited the respect of every man from Maine to Oregon who has a drop of Democratic blood in his veins. His first appearance in the political prize ring was at Warren, Ohio, with Conkling and Logan, where he acted as chairman of a mass meeting. He next mounted the stump in Connecticut, and then in New Jersey, and finally in central and western New York. In all his harangues he repudiated everything he had said in his speeches in the West about the condition of affairs in the South, from which he had returned just before the meeting of the Chicago convention. He studiously attempted to array the North against the South by palpable misrepresentations of the policy and purposes of the Democratic party. But what was worse than all, he engaged in the meanest and lowest attacks upon Gen. Hancock, at one time relieving himself of his pent-up venom in an interview with a Chicago preacher and at another furnishing a campaign speaker with points on which to base an attack upon Hancock, who in everything that constitutes a man and a gentleman is his superior and beyond the reach of his malice. The Democrats in Congress remember these things in Grant's late exhibition of himself before the country and are not afraid to show their contempt for him. Republican Congressmen and Republican editors may fall down and worship him, but Democrats who have spirit enough in them to stand by the faith of their fathers and to resent a cowardly attack upon the fair name and reputation of their gallant standard-bearer in the late campaign, will give U. S. Grant a wide berth for all time to come.

THE latest, and certainly the most ludicrous, phase of Republican politics in this State is the effort of a delegation composed of eleven persons residing in Indiana, Armstrong and Westmoreland counties, to secure a position—either that of Secretary of the Navy or Secretary of War—in Garfield's cabinet for Harry White. "Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud, without special wonder?" And yet the Pittsburg *Dispatch* publishes a telegram from Indiana stating that the delegation referred to actually visited Mentor, the residence of Garfield, last week, and urged upon him the propriety of White's selection. Garfield is reported as saying to the deputation, in reply to their eulogium upon the Indiana county statesman, that he knew General White well and favorably, and that he expressed himself gratified that this (White's) neighbors had confidence in him." This was a neat piece of "corkasm," as Artemus Ward would say, on the part of Garfield, for White's neighbors, instead of having "confidence" in him, refused by a majority of 700 to return him to Congress at the late election, although they gave Garfield himself about twice that much of a majority over Hancock. In addition to this, Garfield stated that he did not think it would be prudent at this time to make any expression as to the matter of his choice for Cabinet officers. For Harry White to aspire to a Cabinet position at any time would require an amazing amount of cheek, but to do so just on the heels of his emphatic repudiation by the people of his Congressional district is an exhibition of stalwart impudence of which it was hardly supposed that even he was capable.

MR. TELLER, one of the United States Senators from Colorado, insists in a bill he has introduced into the Senate that ballots hereafter to be cast for Representatives in Congress shall be *four* inches broad and *eight* inches long, or about the dimensions of a common brick. If Teller's bill should happen to become a law, it will be necessary to increase immensely the capacity of the ballot-boxes, for nothing then less in size than an ordinary dry goods box would hold the election tickets. If such frauds on common sense as Teller could have their sweet will gratified, the right of this State as well as of every other State to provide for and regulate its own elections would be wiped out and absorbed by the general government, and the chances are that under Republican rule such a state of things will become an accomplished fact just as soon as the advocates of a strong government can bring it about.

THE following surprising statement appears in an editorial in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and of course refers to the recently elected Judge of the Supreme Court of this State: "It has been openly charged that Judge Green, who was appointed to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, and was elected to the same position at the late election, knows how to work the sickness dodge successfully. It is alleged that the big suits of the petroleum producers against the Standard Oil Company, in which the officers of that concern were indicted for conspiracy to defraud the people of the State, were thrown out of Court because of the non-attendance of Judge Green, who was 'confined to his hotel on account of sickness.' Judge Green's great affliction was a carbuncle on the back of his neck, and suits involving millions of dollars to the people of Pennsylvania and the State had to be withdrawn because it hadn't come to a head. The petroleum producers had been accumulating evidence against the Standard for years, and were supposed to have it 'dead to rights.' It will be seen, therefore, that the Standard Oil Company, with its profits of $1,000,000 a month, owes its existence to a carbuncle."

A BIG SUCCESS.—"My wife has been ailing a long time with dyspepsia and nervousness and was in bed two years with a complication of troubles; the physicians could not cure, when I was led by reading a circular to try Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Having been so often deceived by worthless mixtures, nothing but my wife's dangerous condition would have led us to make any more experiments. But it was a big success. Three bottles cured her, at a cost of a dollar and fifty cents, and she is now as strong as any woman, and regularly does her household duties.—R. D. Buffalo. See other column.

THE county commissioners of Allegheny county have the figures figured down so finely that they know within a few thousand dollars of the exact amount. The claims originally amounted to about four and a half millions. By exercising the greatest care the commissioners have succeeded in reducing the amount to about $2,000,000, for which bonds have been issued or are ready for issue. It is now proposed to present a bill before the Legislature early next month providing for the State to assume the payment of the bonds, the county asking no remuneration for settling the claims.

Forney on the High-Toned Republicans

WHO SPITTED THEIR PURSES TO BUY THE PRESIDENCY FOR GARFIELD.

Last week's issue of Forney's *Progress* contains a scathing letter in the Colonel's best vein, addressed to A. T. Goshorn, of Cincinnati, who wrote Forney an impertinent letter stopping his paper, because of Forney's criticism on John Welsh, ex-Minister to England, for his (Welsh's) part in raising the great corruption fund, after the Maine election, to buy up States for Garfield. The annexed embodies the material points of the letter in question:

It is because Mr. Welsh is precisely what you say he is, because he is so good a man, because his life heretofore has been a model, because of the purity of that life, (virtues you claim for him, and I concede,) that a fatal force was given to his secret application for the money of the millionaire to buy the man into the Presidency as convicted by the Republican party of the United States of brazen corruption in the American Congress.

The purity of John Welsh's life made the impurity of that example more terrible. Until he signed the monstrous circular of the 19th of September, 1868, General Hancock was the foreordained President of the United States. Hancock's friends had just carried Maine, and Mr. Garfield himself, and the trained bands of his party—the officeholders and the reckless managers who had been getting rich for twenty years from the plunder of the people's government—saw and trembled before that "handwriting on the wall." At this point John Welsh took the field against General Hancock. Up to the Maine election, in September, John Welsh stood aloof. The thrilling record of General Hancock, his splendid contradiction of all charges or suspicions against himself, the attractive incidents of his stainless life, and the graceful dignity with which he avoided all offensive advertisement of his person and his claims, had reached thousands of hearts, and there is no doubt that if these evangelizing influences had been permitted to control, Hancock would have been the choice of the American people.

At this moment John Welsh, of all men, the very man whose "purity of life" should have led him to yield to these promptings, made his appearance as the author of the extraordinary circular which I re-publish. Up to that time he had stood aloof. And when that paper appeared there was not a gentleman in Philadelphia, outside of the aspirants for office, who did not read this demand for a corruption fund with amazement. This shameless appeal to the baser in the dark, struck from an unexpected quarter, struck under the mask of confidence in the hope that those it was included to debauch and destroy would never hear of it.

Fortunately, such monstrous transactions always see the light of day. You cannot prevent a wicked word in this age, and hide it from human eyes and hearts, any more than you can hide it from God; and so when John Welsh promised to keep the money sent to him to buy the suffrage a secret, he admitted all of which he now stands convicted. By this pledge of secrecy he admitted he was wrong. "The purity of his life" was a living reproach upon his deliberate act, and the success of his wrong crowned his own dishonor. It was he who sounded the challenge. His was the bugle call to the North, to arouse all the passions of hatred against the South. He organized capital against labor in the North. He stimulated the worst passions among the worst men. His bid was the boldest bid against conscience since the days of the Bank of the United States, and it was a more audacious assault upon individual integrity than the history of corruption. It was a more formidable temptation to parties and to the press in proportion as the money John Welsh marshalled against General Hancock was a thousand times more than that organized against General Jackson, fifty years ago, by the bank of the United States.

And so, long before the day of election, John Welsh became the text of sectional hatred on the one side and sectional humiliation on the other. The money he raised was the open treasury from which desperate men could draw *ad libitum*, and last November the States bought by the Republican party of the United States, like unmanned prisoners, to the tender mercies of the reserved office-holders and their chief at Mentor.

Was I to stand silent before such an accusation as this? Was I to remain muzzled before the exposure of the dark secret? Had I been content to submit to it, I should have been a partner in the conspiracy itself.

Now, lest you may not have seen this most shameful circular, I reprint it as follows:

23 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, September 18, 1880.

At a meeting of a number of the business men of Philadelphia, held at the Union League House, John Welsh was chosen chairman and Cyrus H. Mc Cormick secretary. The undersigned were appointed a committee to procure funds for the support of the Republican party during the present campaign.

You know that on the result of the November election depend the prosperity of our immediate future, the value of your property, the safety of our national banking system, and the safety of our national business.

We do not hope that the personal and legitimate expenses of such a campaign can be met, and that in some of the doubtful States, where success is absolutely necessary to defeat the combination against us, money must be used. Seven weeks from this day the great battle will be fought, and if the present apathy continues—and—

Large sums are needed instantly, and to you, as one of the moderate number to whom such an appeal can be made, the committee look for a prompt and liberal response. Remember that *good Republicans are manufacturers are to be said emphatically.*

Payments are to be made to Wharton Baker, treasurer, No. 23 South Third street.

You will perceive, Mr. Goshorn, that I do not stop to discuss the extraordinary confession of John Welsh for this corporation fund. If I did, I might say that there is not an honest man between the two oceans who believes that if General Hancock had been elected President last November he would have delayed our manufactures, impaired our national banking system, or interfered with the safety of our American finances. Hancock's whole life is a protest against the scandalous assumption. He is a citizen of Pennsylvania, known to John Welsh, far better known to John Welsh than John Welsh is known to you or by you. Hancock was born in Montgomery county, almost within sound of the bell of Independence hall, and yet because a man whose whole life heretofore has been a single illustration of "purity of character" alleges all these things as a pretext against Hancock, I will not insult John Welsh by the intimation that he believes what he wrote and signed), but because he alleges such things against General Hancock, he did not hesitate to recommend the purchase of great States, and to take the lead in a crusade against the conscience of the business of poor wretched Ireland who had to vote against General Hancock or the threat of being turned into the streets, or being made beggars and paupers.

Together with thousands of others, I denounce this most cruel, unprovoked and dangerous proceeding, and I am convinced that the American people will never forget the means by which, under the name of a man's boasting of his "purity of life," a brave soldier has been deprived of his electoral majority.

Under the rule of the British House of Commons, the practice of a government to which John Welsh was the accredited American Minister, a member of Parliament, ejected by the processes recommended by himself in regard to the choice of the President of the United States, would have been unseated almost without a vote; the very petition stating the fact that he had purchased the ballot would have left him without a case.

I am glad that you let me have the honor to strike your name from my list of subscribers, because I should feel degraded in taking the money of a man who attempts surreptitiously to prescribe an independent American editor for denouncing practices which if done by an ordinary citizen would consign that citizen to deserved contempt and shame. JOHN W. FORNEY.

KILLING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—It was killed when John Adams beat Jefferson in 1797.

It was killed in 1821, when Andrew Jackson was defeated by the coalition between the friends of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay.

It was killed in 1840 by the "Hard Cider Campaign" of General Harrison.

It was killed by the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

It was killed by the re-election of Lincoln in 1864.

It was killed by the election of Grant in 1868.

It was killed "very dead" by the re-election of Grant in 1872.

It was killed by the "counting out" process in 1876.

It was killed by the "counting in" process in 1880.

It had a popular majority in the South, and with only a small fraction of a popular majority in the North and West in the election of 1880.

It numbers over three millions of voters in the North and West, and nearly a million in the South.

Its members cannot be bought or intimidated—their faith is founded upon the eternal principles of justice, liberty and equality.

Long live the Democratic party.—*Monmouth (N. J.) Democrat.*

MERCHANTS who suffer from Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or Billiousness can be cured by using DR. MISTEACH'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents. [12;17.-1m.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A knife with 101 blades was lately sent to the Prince of Wales on his birthday.

—Eleven deer were recently killed in one day in the vicinity of Du Shore, Sullivan county.

—A parrot in the family of Mr. David Stubblebine, of Coventryville, Chester county, is 60 years old.

—John Hall, Esq., has been reappointed Marshal for the Western District of this State. Another good haul for John Hall.

—The house of Mrs. Araminta Mitchell at Newton, Pa., was burned Thursday night, and Mrs. Mitchell, aged eighty-three, perished in the flames.

—Most of the Irish news that reaches this country by cable comes through the N. Y. *Herald*, a paper devoted at this time to the landlord interest.

—James Peters, of Indianapolis, has brought suit for $10,000 against a former rival and his father-in-law, for alienating the affections of his wife.

—Mrs. Valentine, a white woman of Columbus, Ohio, not only married a negro, but deserted a white husband to do it, and has been arrested for bigamy.

—John Brown, of Brownsville, Md., is the oldest Postmaster in the country. His age is ninety, and he was appointed Postmaster by President Jackson in 1830.

—Solomn Bevliet, the young Somerset county girl who was alleged to have been badly treated by the members of a circus company last summer, died the other day of diphtheria.

—A Cincinnati man turned his blind daughter into the street, though amply able to support her, because she refused to come mitsueide with the parent whose life she predicted, by the aid of a wall in the course of construction at the Middletown car works five men were seriously injured and one man killed. The entire end of the building was torn out.

—A bean became lodged in the throat of Harry N. Endz, a boy, whose parents live near Pottstown, the other day, and, in spite of the efforts of physicians to remove it he died in great agony.

—The wife of D. C. Burks, of Decatur county, Iowa, recently gave birth to four children, two boys and two girls, weighing about two and one-half pounds each. All died inside of twenty-four hours.

—Charles Sickles accidentally poisoned his wife at Scranton on Saturday night by giving her carbolic acid instead of chlorate. She died in a few hours. Sickles has gone crazy on account of his fatal mistake.

—An honest old grocer of Detroit, not to be outdone by the rich men who are plunking down their thousands to the Grant fund, has offered to let the general have six cheese and cracker free lunches every week.

—Miss Smith, an English woman, was requested by the English authorities to leave Boulogne, in consequence of the very violent language in which she inveighed concerning the expulsion of the religious orders.

—Eight of the crew of the barque Nile, Captain Dixon, from Quebec for Cardiff, which capsized at sea, November 23d, were drowned, including the captain and second mate. Two of the men died after being rescued.

—The police of Jackson, Mich., arrested five members of a family who had accumulated by theft two big wagon loads of articles, ranging in size from a cotton tidy to a cabinet organ. The latter had been stolen from a church.

—John J. Ryan, of Monessen, who has had charge of the eight-mile level of the Schuylkill Canal during the last ten years, has walked 40,000 miles, or over 75 twice around the globe. He has not missed a single day during the ten years.

—An express train from Washington on the P. R. R., two hours late, on Tuesday morning ran into a number of passengers at Bristol, Pa., who were about to enter a train from Philadelphia, and fatally injured three and probably four of them.

—A man about 25 years of age, named Richard Bell, was found dead, hanging by the neck, in a cellar at Sharon, Pa., on Saturday morning. He killed a man a few years ago, and it is thought remorse forced him to take his own life.

—Levi Calkins went to take a second wife at Yonker's, Wis., before his first wife had been dead a month. He could induce no clergyman or justice to perform the ceremony, and so he did it himself, reading the service in the presence of witnesses.

—Timothy Deasy, who was a leading spirit in the Fenian movement of 1865, has just died at Lawrence, Mass. His rescue from the hands of the British authorities in Manchester, England, in that year, caused great excitement, both in Great Britain and America.

—A band of spiritualists is digging for gold two miles south of Canton, N. Y., under the inspiration and direction of a Rochester medium. The land claims to have found many articles of curiosity, including Masonic emblems and a bird engraved on finely-cut stone.

—The Port Gibson (Miss.) *Reveille* says: Some weeks ago Mr. J. N. Brasher brought us the cob of an ear of corn gathered on his place, which was in every particular the shape of a human hand, the thumb and fingers in perfect shape and each of them of proper length.

—John Clow and John Mead, two colored men, on Friday evening, crossed the railroad track at Fulton Station, Western Maryland Railroad, in Baltimore, when they were struck by a train and both instantly killed. The body of one of them was cut to pieces.

—Such stalwart journals as find a good to righteous platform in the reported sale the other day of several colored vagrants in Virginia should reflect that under Republican administration in North Carolina white paupers were wont to be knocked off at auction to negro bidders.

—Alfred Gusstroni, of Tylersport, Pa., had a frightful dream, the other night, and to escape some supposed peril he leaped from his bed through a third-story window, to the ground below. Odd as it may seem he landed in a flower-bed unhurt, but the shock of the fall caused him to awake.

—Advices to the Chicago *Times* from Minnesota, repeat the story of misery and suffering among the Connemara colonists, twenty-five miles from Morris, Minn. A correspondent says: "Never has there been seen in this country such squalid poverty, distress and suffering."

—A young girl left Dubuque for New Zealand over a year ago, on the summons of her sweetheart, who was to marry her on her arrival there. She has returned alone and unmarried. Finding the man evidently disappointed because she was not as handsome as when he had last seen her, she promptly released him.

—A woman at Lodi, Pa., deliberately starved herself to death. The process required six weeks of total abstinence from food, though she drank sparingly of water. She had long been eccentric, and the death of her mother deprived her of reason. Thereupon she went to bed with the avowed intention of dying, and never ate again.

—"Burt" Buchanan, a Cleveland youth, and Maude Davis, a beautiful school girl, also of that city, eloped, came to Pittsburgh and were married soon after their arrival. They then telegraphed the old folks for money to get home with. They were forgiven, but their parents are at a loss to know what to do with the child wife and boy husband.

—Harry Thompson went hunting near Cleveland, intending to return in time for his wedding, which was appointed for the same evening. He said that the diversion was necessary in order to steady his nerves, but it did not have that effect, for in climbing a fence the gun fell from his trembling hands and was discharged, killing him on the spot.

—Mrs. Charles H. Byer, wife of a farmer living ten miles from Bloomington, Ill., was a few days ago accidentally knocked into a well by a pet cow, which she was watering suddenly turning its head and striking her. The lady kept her head above the water for three hours until her situation was discovered and she was rescued, but she died from exhaustion and exposure.

—A national convention of colored men has been called, to be held in Washington on the day before the inauguration of Garfield. The colored men having got all their rights, now want some offices, and they will be represented in the Cabinet. If the offices are to be handed around to those who have done most for the party the colored people are certainly entitled to their pick.

—A mean fellow in Taunton, Massachusetts, whose aged mother has made over to him a large and well-stocked farm, under a promise that he is to support her during life, as she lived, recently applied to the city authorities to extend aid to her as a pauper. The discreditable facts were ascertained, and he was given a very forcible reminder of the advisability of filial obedience.

—A Republican paper says: "The Democratic party is rotten to the core." During the times, with no prospect of ever catching on. That's what's the matter." To which the Harrisburg *Patriot* replies that it never will be "up" to DeGolyer pavement contracts, Credit Mobilier bribes, and like transactions which have placed the Republican party forty years ahead on the road to perdition.

—Early Thursday morning a grandson of Uri Burt killed Sarah Traver and himself in the presence of his wife. Burt and the woman went to his residence in North Albany, N. Y. His wife refused to admit them. Burt then burst open the door, and the two went to the kitchen. There he made the woman kneel, and shot her dead. He then killed himself. The woman begged him to spare her.

—Geo. Smith and Catharine Miller, convicted in Lycoming county of the murder of Andrew Miller last spring, have been reprieved from January 6 to February 3, to enable the Board of Pardons to consider an application for executive clemency. Mrs. Miller had conspired with Smith to murder her husband, who was beaten to death and suspended from a beam in his barn to divert suspicion.

—Miss Allie May Freeman threw some red pepper in the eyes of a New York man named Howard S. Ingersoll, the other day, and then gave him several blood-drawing cuts across the face with a heavy whip, the lash of which was filled with twisted pins. He had enticed her into a house on previous days, and had cooperated with her friends to make a part of him. A wedding party was gathered, a ceremony was performed by a pretended clergyman, and the victim did not know that he had been imposed upon until the time came to retire for the night. Then they undeceived him.

—Mr. D. Whiting, of Riverside, Cal., has enclosed 1,500 acres of land with a stockade, and proposes importing one hundred pairs of ostriches from South Africa, worth from $200 to $300 a bird. Ostriches breed at four years of age, and will produce four broods a year, each containing twenty chicks. At eight months the feathers of a bird become worth $6, and as it grows older, attain a value of over $100. It is said that it costs no more to keep an ostrich than a sheep.

—Simon and Joseph Kline, father and son, of Canton, O., both resided to marry their housekeeper. The old man owned all the property, and the woman gave him the preference on that account, assuring Joseph that she would marry him as soon as she became a widow. But the son had a plan for getting her and the estate without delay. He poisoned his father, first trying to make people that the result was not fatal, and finally producing death with morphine.

—Maud Webb is one of the prettiest and wickedest girls in Cincinnati. She went to Bishop Elder, and in a broken voice told him that her dear mother—the only relative or friend she had in the world—was dead, and she had no money to pay for a decent burial. The Bishop gave her an order for a coffin, and a letter authorizing her to use his name in getting contributions for the other expenses. The document and her modest manner enabled her to open purses on every hand, and she got much money before her falsehood was exposed.

—It is said that several Scotch manufacturers of tweeds propose to transfer their establishments to this side of the Atlantic, locating at the South. In this way they expect to add to their profits the amount of duty now levied on their fabrics through the tariff. If such a movement further of foreign enterprise and capital should be entered upon on a scale of any considerable magnitude, it might be a good thing for American workingmen, even if not for the proprietors that a corresponding volume of foreign labor would accompany it.

—Mrs. Ellen Moriarty died in New York on Wednesday of last week, aged 111 years, and her funeral took place on Friday from No. 1,324 Second avenue. Among the attendants were a son seventy-six years old, a daughter seventy-three years old, a grandchildren and great-grandchildren. One of her relatives said that Mrs. Moriarty's health had been perfect save that she was troubled with neuralgia occasionally during the last fifteen years of her life. A few months ago she showed an Irish jig step to the young people at a party.

—Shortly after noon one day last May Miss Mary Shaffer was abducted from Woodcock, Crawford county, by an unknown man, who met her while going to school. She was taken to Lowell, Mass., where she lived for several years with a band of gypsies in the suburbs. She made her escape, and was happily restored to her elderly sister across the ocean. She remained in this country for two years, when she got married, and is now the mother of five children, living in Lowell. Last week she made her appearance at her old home, for the first time in nineteen years. She found that her parents had long since died, and the only relative living proved to be a sister to whom she was a stranger. She hundred dollars was her share in her father's property, which she received and departed for her home in Lowell.

—A five-story building, owned by George W. Clift, on Perry street, Buffalo, and occupied by Billings Bros., as a paper manufactory, was burned on the night of Friday evening. About 120 men and boys were employed, all of whom were at work at the time. In less than twenty minutes the entire building was a mass of flames and the walls soon crumbled and fell, burying fifteen of the employes. The doors to the different rooms were hung to swing in and each had a heavy spring closing it, thereby retarding the egress of the occupants. The building was without fire escape of any kind. Terrified workmen took to the windows and many of them escaped with broken bones and crushed bodies. Those in the upper stories, unable to escape, remained for a moment at the windows and then sank back suffocated in the smoke and flames.

—The details of a terrible crime committed at Impelo, on the Mobile Railroad, were received in Memphis on Monday last. The facts are that two men called on Saturday evening at the house of Mr. Jno. Redling, a young married man, and asked to stay all night. They were permitted to do so, occupying a bed in the room with Mr. Redling, his wife and child. About 10 o'clock the neighbors discovered the Redling cottage on fire. It was completely destroyed, and the charred remains of the young man, his wife and child—were found in the ruins. Search was made for the men. One of them was caught six miles away. He acknowledged that they had chloroformed the family, robbed the place, secured $27 in money, a watch, and some clothing. They then scattered cotton saturated with coal oil over the floor and set it on fire.

—Mrs. Timothy Keighron, the wife of a prominent resident of Petrolia, this State, had for years been afflicted with distressing convulsions. They were periodical in their appearance, attacking Mrs. Keighron regularly on the 4th, 10th, 16th and 20th of each month. They always seized her in the night, suddenly and without any warning symptoms. They were characterized by hours of writhing torture by the afflicted body. In July last Rev. Dr. McCarthy, of Parker City, of whose church Mrs. Keighron is a member, received a package of mortar from Knock, Ireland. He gave a portion of it to Mrs. Keighron, with instructions to pulverize it and drink it in holy water. She did so. It is stated that from that time these has been no return of the pain. The family believe the cure to be permanent, and attribute it entirely to the miraculous powers of the mortar.

—The editor of the New York *Catholic Review* received a despatch on Tuesday from St. Paul, Minn., saying: "Reports of sufferings of Connemara settlers in Minnesota are false, and due to pre-Irish influence." It is absurd that the reports of sufferings among the colonists were circulated for the purpose of preventing the Irish from crowding into western Minnesota. A recent issue of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, printed in St. Paul, has the following extract from a letter written by the Bishop of Cracow: "I again reiterate that there is no suffering among the Connemaras I consider them among the best provided for of any people in this colony. If my words are not believed, I challenge any disinterested party or parties to prove the contrary." The *Chronicle* characterizes the reports of suffering as "a base calumnious attempt to injure the Catholic colonization movement in Minnesota."

—The Chicago doctors are puzzled and interested by a peculiar case on the West Side. William Crawford, aged fourteen years, son of William Crawford, captain of a tug boat, has for two years been afflicted with bleeding at the nose. The hemorrhages have frequented, and lately has had severe attacks which alarmed his parents. His infirmity comes on him usually after taking cold.—Great black patches appear on his body from which blood drops the size of a pinhead exude. The blood flows from his mouth, nose, eyes, stomach, and from the bladder and kidneys. No pain accompanies these discharges, but they make his blood thin and weaken him. Sudden fright or excitement will temporarily check the flow. He is mentally bright and his father, mother, brothers and sisters are strong and healthy. The physicians have been taken an interest in his case and propose sending him to Edinburgh and London for examination by the Academy of Surgeons.

For your cold take
SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOARHOUND.
For your cough take
SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOARHOUND.
For Sore throat take
SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOARHOUND.
For sore lungs take
SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOARHOUND.
Sold by all druggists. 25 and 50 cents.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND revives the drooping spirit; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

SUFFERING IN KANSAS.—There has hardly been a single person of three years since the first settlement of Kansas that appeals have not been made to the charity of the country in behalf of its suffering people and, what with drought, grasshoppers, storms and other visitations it is not just to, it would appear that it is the most unpromising region in the West for immigrants to settle in. There are agents from Norton county, Kansas, now in St. Joseph soliciting aid for the people of that region, whose condition is represented as pitiable. They are destitute of the commonest necessaries of life, and without clothing as well as food. Their crops were entirely cut off by a drought last summer, and they have little to subsist on. Many of them are reduced to meal and water or parched corn. The Presiding Elder of the district in which Norton county is included states that he has traveled 500 miles in it without eating more vegetables that he could carry in his hand. On his third round he sat down to meals that consisted wholly of corn and water, and in some cases he found people living on cane seed. There are twenty counties in the region in much the same condition with Norton. The soil is good and yields well when the seasons are favorable, but last year was so rain, and this wheat crop, the chief dependence of the people, was a total failure, some whole counties not yielding fifty bushels. The farmers did not raise enough even for seed, and they will have to be supplied with seed next spring. Destitute as the people—a result of the wretched condition they are reduced to—and their sufferings appeals strongly to the charity and liberality of their neighbors.—*St. Louis Republican.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY SACRIFICE, IF TRUE.—A special despatch to the New York *World* from Topeka, Kan., Dec. 17th, says: Fred Olds, who is serving a life-term in the Kansas State Prison, having pleaded guilty to the murder of D. W. Faris in his store at Topeka in March, 1874, has made public confession dated November 30, 1880, in which he imputes the crime to his father, who lately committed suicide in California, and claims that his plea of guilty was made as a voluntary sacrifice. The body of Faris was hacked to pieces and buried under a pile of potatoes in the cellar. Young Olds, who was only sixteen years old at the time, gives all the details of his movements on the day and night of the crime and claims that he could, had he chosen, have proved an alibi. When arrested, he says, a child knew of the murder, but the conduct of the father both before and after the discovery convinced him that he had done it, and it was arranged between them that the boy should pretend to confess in order that the father might leave the country. The confession is intended for submission to the Governor with an appeal for pardon.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is the only Catarrh remedy of many I have tried which has acted a cure. I have been troubled over fifteen years; my head has been most of the time stopped and very much inflamed. It has opened my nostrils and reduced the inflammation. My eyes are improving, so that I can stand strong light, which I have not been able to do for years. NATHANIEL FOSTER, with E. F. MOSTZ, Merchant, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

MY SON, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of ELY'S CREAM BALM effected a complete cure. W. E. HUNMAN, Druggist, Elston, Pa.

ELY'S CREAM BALM sells better than any other preparation for Catarrh, and gives better satisfaction. B. ARMSTRONG, Druggist, Williamsport, Pa.

A BEAUTIFUL cottage home was built in Accomac county, Va., a few mornings ago. The sun rose behind a thick bank of fog, which soon grew thinner until it was all gone by sale rays shed up above. In a single minute a wonderful transformation had taken place. Apparently not a quarter of a mile away lay the island of Chincoteague, with its tall, white tower, its dwellings, its trees, and shrubbery. A little boy was seen driving a flock of sheep along the seaside, and even a little girl in the door of the lighthouse keeper's home fondling a doll. In another minute a second fog bank rose and shut out the vision. The island was distant thirty miles.

A LADY'S WISH.—"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, which makes pure, rich blood and bloom in the cheek. Try it for me as you observe." Read of it.—*Globe Bulletin.*

DR. J. JOHNSTON. M. J. BAUM.
F. A. SHOEMAKER. A. W. BUCK.

JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - DEC. 24, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—The shortest day in the year on Tuesday last and appear.

—The best liniment for human flesh is Kendall's Spavin Cure. See advertisement.

—Now is the time to get ready to flop a new leaf in life and your bad habits stop.

—Fools make feasts and wise men eat 'em—especially about this time of the year.

—The sale of holiday excursion tickets on the P. R. R. commences this (Friday) morning.

—A word in your ear—you listen, we'll speak. From this office no paper will issue next week.

—When may military organizations be considered properly seasoned? When they are well mustered.

—If Voptor really promised eleven feet of snow about this time he was Voptor unusually mistaken in his calculations.

—Rev. E. H. Dickinson will preach in the Presbyterian church, Ebensburg, next Sabbath, morning and evening.

—Do not trifle with the affection of a young girl. It is worse than trifling with a bad cold, for this can be cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—The FREEMAN will not be a free man next week. That is it won't be free to go wheresoever it listeth, as it won't be issued at all, at all.

—If you are really in earnest about making somebody's heart happy during the Christmas holidays, suppose you try it on us with a year's subscription or the payment of an old account.

—The carcass of a large whale passed over the P. R. R. on Monday last, en route for Chicago, where the skeleton is to be utilized as an attraction in some museum.

—Councilman Thomas Kinney, of Hollidaysburg, who was recently injured to such an extent that his right arm had to be amputated died on Friday evening last, aged about 60 years.

—An exchange says that the old year is on its last legs. Well suppose it is, ain't we all on our last legs?—we, and on our firstborns, too? And we don't know how long they'll last. Either.

—Be on time; for prevention is better than cure. All Coughs and Colds and such affections of the throat and lungs as leads to consumption are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

—In accordance with their long-established custom, Messrs. D. S. W. Davis, liverymen, of this place, will be out to-morrow with a four-horse sleigh to give all their little friends a free Christmas jaunt.

—Go out in the damp air, or sit unprotected in a draught, and your throat will feel sore and your head uncomfortable. You have taken a cold, which you can remove as promptly as you received it by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

—Notwithstanding the fact that the apple crop in this section last fall was so overwhelmingly large that not one-half of it was gathered, the fruit crop in Europe fell off from thirty to fifty cents a bushel, forty cents being the average price.

—For late San Francisco, Salt Lake and Kansas City papers, our thanks are due respectively to our good friends John A. Koontz, of Johnstown, Cal., Lieut. S. A. Shoemaker, of Salt Lake City, and Joe H. Gadd, of Wyandotte, Kansas.

—A right Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each friend of the FREEMAN who on the debit side don't appear; and as for the rest on our list, who forget that they know us, their subscription we hope is as happy as if they had paid what they owe us.

—Tom Engle, whom the Altoona *Sun* calls a weak-minded young man of that city, who has recently been engaged selling papers, among others the Lancaster *Owl*, was arrested while in an intoxicated condition in Johnstown on Friday night, and locked up for four days.

—The Philadelphia *Record* says that wild turkeys are so plentiful in Cambria county that they are offered for sale here at 5 cents per pound. That may all be true, but we have yet to hear of the man who has either offered or been offered wild turkeys at such prices.

—The auction sale of merchandise at the store of Mr. A. J. Christy, in Loretto, for which posters were printed at the office a couple of weeks ago, has been postponed until to-day (Friday) at one o'clock, p. m., when all who want to buy good goods at their own prices will do well to attend.

—The dwelling house of Mr. Emory Wilson, at Tipton, Blair county, caught fire from a deteriorated stove pipe about 5 o'clock Monday morning, and as a consequence the building and its contents were reduced to ashes. The loss is a heavy one to Mr. Wilson, who is a poor man and a cripple.

—Mr. John Jones, of this place, succeeded in killing two deer in the Blacklick region, a few miles west of Ebensburg, the early part of last week. The carcasses were sent to Pittsburgh, where they were sold in the markets, and even smaller chunks, we believe, to several of our citizens.

—The Altoona *Call* tells us that Mr. John Crouse, of Chest Springs, this county, had one of his shoulders dislocated on Thursday morning last, while at work in the shop of a sailor with one leg how he came to lose the other, and was told in reply that it had been bitten off, we know pretty near as much now as we did at first.

—Lieut. J. D. Hicks, of Tyrone, the recently appointed District Attorney of Blair county, and a good friend, by the way, of the FREEMAN and its editor, has in contemplation it is said, the raising of a military company in Tyrone to take the place made vacant in the Fifth regiment by the mustering out of the service of Co. E, of Philipsburg, Centre county.

—Our good friend Manly Tello, Esq., editor of the Cleveland *Catholic Universe*, came very near dying a few days ago from a severe attack of neuralgia—so near indeed that the Sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered to him. Since then, however, there has been a change for the better, and we are glad to say that at latest accounts he was considered out of danger.

—A despatch received here this (Thursday) morning brings the sad intelligence of the death, at his home in Buffalo, N. Y., of Mr. Thos. J. Norton, the contractor for the fancy stone work to be used in the construction of our new Court House. Mr. Norton left here about a month ago, and was then in the enjoyment of his usual health, which of late has been none of the best. May he rest in peace.

—A young man living out in the country several miles remained over night at the Helninger House during the second week of Court, and when he took his departure in the morning a quantity of underclothing which belonged to somebody else accompanied him. How it happened, is a fact, doubtless, that he he left his old underclothing behind, no warrant for his arrest has been issued.

—The extension of the Bell's Gap Railroad has been "chained" to a point in Clearfield county which has been called "Reilly's Station" in honor of Hon. John Reilly, the efficient and courteous Superintendent of transportation on the P. R. R. at Altoona. We are glad to know, however, that said extension hasn't been "chained" fast at the point indicated, but that the road will soon be completed through to Coalport, the proposed terminus.

—"This world is all a fleeting show," but it takes very lively work for some of us to keep hold of our tickets of admission; a great many of us are put out at the exits, "Pneumonia" and "Consumption;" but the number of those has been greatly reduced since so many have been using "Wells' Health Renewer," the timely use of SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HOARHOUND. For sale by V. S. Barker & Bro., and all druggists, at 25 and 50 cents.

—Before the final adjournment of Court last week, a *nolle prosequi* was, on motion of District Attorney Rose, entered in the case of the Commonwealth vs. John Swope, indicted for burglary (the Behe case), and also in the case of the commonwealth vs. John Swope and Ambrose Lantzy, indicted for robbery Mr. Rose stated to the Court that there was not sufficient evidence to sustain the indictments, and hence his action in the premises.

—The Altoona *Tribune* wants the papers to give "Dick White a rest" on the Cabinet question. As "Dick" White died and went to rest many years ago, he stands in little need of the kind of "rest" the *Tribune* is so anxious to secure for him. Anyhow, "Dick" didn't train with the Cameron crowd when he was in the land of the living, and we fear for their sake that he will never have an opportunity to do so in the better world, where we hope he has gone to rest and peace.

—General Superintendent Pugh, Division Superintendent Pitcairn, with two or more Solicitors and possibly other "big wigs" of the P. R. R. Co., were interested spectators of the injunction proceedings in this place on Thursday last. They came and departed per special train, and as usual our genuine appreciated and ever reliable friend Mich'l Daily, a passenger engineer on the Western Division who stands at the head of the heap in the estimation of the railroad officials, had charge of the throttle, and while here didn't forget to drop in on us. Welcome indeed was Mike, whom nobody knows but to like.

—Andrew Sirlonis, a well known citizen of Johnstown, and an aspirant three years ago for the Democratic nomination for County Treasurer, was sent to the State Insane Asylum at Harrisburg on Wednesday last, having lost his reason and become so violent that his wife was obliged to have him arrested on the previous Friday for aggravated assault and battery with intent to kill.

—"Where are your crutches, uncle?"—"Here they are" showing John a bottle of M. B. ROBERTS' ESMENOCATION. "You don't say that three-quarters of a bottle of ESMENOCATION has relieved you of your rheumatism, so you can walk without your crutches?" "I do, and thank a kind Providence for leading me to read that advertisement in the *Star* last week." Sold by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg.

—Co. A will meet at the armory to-morrow (Christmas) afternoon at 2 o'clock. Should the weather prove favorable, a street parade will be participated in, but the primary object of the muster is to facilitate the payment of the soldiers for services at Camp Hayes last September. Though the company were in camp nearly a week, they are, thro' the fascinating privileges of the militia laws, allowed payment for only one day, which is the case of private amounts to one dollar and a half.

—A boy about 12 years of age, who in a measure has been running wild all his life through lack of maternal care, his father being dead, was on Wednesday arrested by Constable Evans on the charge of stealing a revolver from the blacksmith shop of Mr. Thomas Evans, in the East ward. The youth acknowledged the theft and restored the shooting-iron to its owner, and in consideration of a promise made that he would hereafter keep his hands off what did not belong to him, the prosecution was not pushed.

—On Tuesday last, says the Altoona *Call*, a lady named Mrs. Davison, whose home is at St. Augustine, Cambria county, fell on an icy pavement in Hollidaysburg and broke one of her arms. The broken member was carefully set and properly bandaged and Mrs. Davison came to Altoona to visit a Mrs. Brown. On Saturday the lady was so unfortunate as to again fall on an icy sidewalk and her broken arm was again fractured. Dr. Walter Bell reduced the fracture and the lady departed for her home this (Monday) afternoon.

—Peter Boyles, who resided for many years in Gaysport, Blair county, and who will be remembered by many of our older citizens as a frequent visitor to this place, died in Providence, R. I., on Tuesday last, aged 83 years. Mr. Boyles was on a visit to Ireland to visit his relatives, and was on his return home when he died suddenly at the residence of his grand niece in the city above mentioned. He was a most excellent citizen, a sincere believer in the Catholic faith, and was well known and much respected all through this region.

—Jos. C. T. Schubert, editor of the Johnstown *Freie Presse*, has applied for a new trial in the suit for libel of which he was convicted at the September term of our county court, and the matter will receive the attention of the coming Argument Court, as will also the case, among others, of our old-time friend Thomas Herzog, formerly of Hollidaysburg, who has brought suit for damages against the Somerset and Cambria Railroad on account of a very serious depreciation of the value of certain real estate owned by him in Johnstown, caused by laying the track in an alley adjoining said property.

—Our townsman Mr. Geo. A. Rinkead has been peculiarly unfortunate this winter. It is not many weeks since a horse he was riding stumbled, threw him, and fractured one of his ribs, and last Saturday morning, while on a business trip to Cambria township, about four miles south of town, he slipped on the ice and fell, fracturing one of the bones of his left wrist, which was splitlengthwise, but not broken off. While we sympathize with him in these mishaps, we are glad to be able to congratulate him on the fact that he is the possessor of one of those convenient accident insurance policies which are meant to come into play in just such emergencies as these.

—The Indiana *Messenger* thinks that if we were to come to a month or two with Mr. Patchin in the neighborhood of Cherrytree, and count the pine trees owned by that gentleman, we would discover, when through, that we had counted fully three million. We don't know what kind of a Count the *Messenger* man takes us to be, but if our time was of no more account than to "spend a month or two with Mr. Patchin" in counting trees, we would find at the end of that time that the trees counted wouldn't be a patchin' to what would remain to be counted of the "fifty three million," or anything like that number which Brother Smith seems to think Mr. Patchin owns.

—A letter from our friend and patron, Mr. John A. Storm, second son of Dr. David Storm, deceased, one of our former County Commissioners, dated Denver, Col., Dec. 17th, informs us that he is in the employ of Thos. Sees, Esq., City and County Surveyor, that he has been in Gunnison and other counties of that State up until a few weeks ago, and that he will remain in Denver over winter, from whence he will start for the mountains again as soon as possible the coming spring. He also acquaints us with the fact that his brother Daniel, who was married to Miss Agnes Sines, one of the belles of Ebensburg, proposes to open a first-class photograph gallery at an early day. May the storms of life ever deal gently with their worthy namesakes.

—First Mass at the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, will be celebrated at 6 o'clock to-morrow (Christmas) morning; second Mass immediately after, and third Mass at 10 o'clock, A. M. At the first and last Mass appropriate sermons will no doubt be preached by the able and zealous pastor, Rev. Father Reardon, who has few superiors as a public orator. Collection for the benefit of the church will also be taken up at all the Masses, and those who attend should go prepared to contribute as liberally as possible. The sacred edifice has been handsomely decorated for this great feast in the Catholic Church, and the excellent choir, always praiseworthy, will no doubt discourse unusually excellent music to itself and honor to the occasion.

—There is not a day in the year, and especially not a day during the winter, in which the deserving poor should not be kindly remembered and practically aided by those who have the hearts and the means to do so. The holiday season, however, would seem to be the most fitting time of the year for bestowal of God-given charity, and it is to be hoped that many a sad heart will be made glad before they depart. That is our hope, at least, and yet we doubt whether anything we might say, or anything that any other newspaper has said or may say on the subject, will induce any person not so disposed and determined, to do what they can to relieve the wants of the poor and unfortunate. Hence the folly of long journalistic diatribes on this ever present and too often neglected duty.

—Our long standing and always thoughtful friend and former associate in the "art preservative," Mr. James E. Hartzell, dealer in cigars, tobacco, snuff, newspapers, magazines, etc., No. 141 Sixth street, Pittsburgh, has somewhat anticipated the joyful season of gift giving and gift receiving by sending us a box of choice cigars from his large and excellent stock, thus reminding us once again that the friendship between us is as lasting as it has always been cordial and considerate. Of course we thanked "the" thing, all our heart for his very acceptable and very opportune remembrance of, it may be, one of the least deserving among his many friends, and to that expression of gratitude we add the hope that he and his amiable wife may ever be blessed with the best of health and a sufficiency of this world's goods. There is something else we could wish them as well, but perhaps their happiness would be no more complete than it is if they had a house full of 'em.

—Brotner Bowman, of the Everett *Press*, has placed ourself and "better half" under obligations for an invitation card, tastefully printed in silver sheen, to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding, which is to be duly commemorated on Monday evening next. If it were possible we should certainly put in an appearance at Everett on the coming occasion, not only because we would be glad to congratulate in *propria persona* our old-time friend and his excellent wife on so auspicious an event, but because we suspect the feast will be as fine as was Everett, and we are always a full hand at a feast. Still, it don't look now as if we could be "thar," and hence the Colonel and his worthy spouse will have to put up with our good wishes at long range, and we are sure they will save money in the operation. That they may live to celebrate their golden jubilee, and that we may be there at that time to partake of their hospitality, are our sincere wishes in their behalf—and our own.

—The injunction obtained by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company against the Somerset and Cambria Railroad Company, restraining them from crossing what is known as the old "Feeder," near Johnstown, was argued for and against its continuance before Judge Dean in our county court on Thursday last, Judge Hunter, of Pennsburgh, appearing for the first named corporation and Hon. John Scott, Jr., Esq., of Pittsburgh, and John P. Linton, Esq., of Johnstown, for the respondent.—The arguments on both sides were able and exhaustive. Judge Dean reserved his decision until the present last, when he transmitted the document, of considerable length, to the chairman, their friendship can avail him nothing. Mr. Coffroth, on the other hand, is said to be determined to give the position to a "rural editor" as the despatches call him, of a Democratic paper in this district, and hence his desire to get rid of Downey. We don't know exactly how we stand on this subject, and probably won't know until we find out to a certainty that we ain't the "rural editor" referred to, in which event we will likely not "stand" at all, but "pass." Meantime the name of our friend Downey will go down to posterity with no less than three military titles affixed thereto. Such is fame. P. S.—John D. Hoffman, a writer on the Somerset *Democrat*, has captured the coveted clerkship.

Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death.

—Five prisoners were released from the county jail last Friday, their respective terms of imprisonment having expired. Among the number was one Tibbitts, alias several other names, but who says his real name is Brown, who by reason of the absence of the thumb from one of his hands, was popularly known as "Fingers." He is the individual who assaulted Jailor Griffith in the corridor of the jail a month or so since, and had ten days additional tacked on by the Court to a sentence he was then serving for larceny. While Garman, Platt & Co. were bidding adieu to their fellow-prisoners, on the morning of the 10th instant, preparatory to starting for the Western Penitentiary, "Fingers" consoled himself and them for the separation by cheerily saying, "Never mind, boys; I expect I'll be sent down to keep you company in a few weeks!" If half as unruly as he is represented to be, Brown, or whatever his name may be, is one of the most depraved specimens of humanity behind the bars of our county jail. After leaving here the individual in question proceeded to Cresson and boarded a passenger train eastward bound, but having neither ticket nor "stumps," he was ejected from the cars at Gallitzin. At that point he obtained some additional cash to feed a fondness for benzine he had accumulated before leaving here, and the result was he got crazy drunk and was placed in the lock-up for repairs. The bed in the lock-up seems to have been a bundle of straw, and some time during the night "Fingers" woke up and struck a match with which he set fire to the straw on fire. The flames communicated to the building, which was speedily destroyed, but not before "Fingers" had been rescued by some railroad employes, who, fortunately for him, were within hearing of his loud and pitiful cries for help.

Samuel Bailey, who threw a stone at a torchlight procession in Johnstown last October; Charles Estep, larceny; a colored man from Johnstown, ditto, and an Irishman from the same place, who celebrated a total abstinence of several weeks' duration by taking down a half pint of whiskey at one gulp, are the names of the other parties released from jail on the day stated.

An Old Joke Never Before Told.—

Amongst other military organizations, the brigade to which the Fifth Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania is connected went into camp at Huntingdon in the fall of 1875 for purposes of drill and inspection.—Co. A of the Fifth regiment is our home company. A genius whose nickname is "Jobie" was a member of Co. A, and it was a peculiarity of his that he was rarely seen without a quid of tobacco the size of a saddleback oyster in his mouth. Adjutant General Latta, in all the overwhelming magnificence of a new uniform which must have cost so much as thirty dollars, was present and actively conducted the inspection. Upon chewing-tobacco the thundered the General in tones which made even his *suite*, the heroes of a hundred battles each, more or less, quake with fear and wonder whether more than one man would have to be killed before all was made straight. "Yes, sir," replied Jobie, diving down into his pocket and adroitly producing an enormous plug, "take a bit, eshr—you'll find it good!" The General saw at a glance that it was ignorance that prompted the act, and not a disposition to perpetrate an affront, and consequently he passed on down the line, wondering, no doubt, what General Grant would have done under similar circumstances.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that to speak of Wanamaker's Grand Depot during holiday seasons is like combining forty or more stores in one, for every class of merchandise is there represented. Only a visit can convey an idea of the rush and extent of the facilities there employed for the convenience of the customers. In the millinery rooms are corsage bouquets and parures for evening wear and full dress; in the shoe department are slippers of all varieties, from the cheaper embroidered and plain grades, at $1.50, up to those handsomely embroidered in cloth and silk velvet at $5 and $6. Useful specimens are shown of gents' valises and hand-satchels for ladies, and no more needful present can be made than one of the new superfine gossamer cloaks, made after entirely novel models. The Grand Depot is decorated with arches of silken handkerchiefs, and fancy goods are spread over counters near the centre of the store. A most complete line of Russia leather purses and hand-bags demand attention, and card-cases, work-boxes, dressing-cases, novelties in alligator-skin, sealskin and plushes are very handsome.

Cause and Effect.—The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See another column.—*Advance.*

In order to make the spelling contest at the coming Teachers' Institute more interesting and attractive than it would otherwise be, copies of Thalheimer's Ancient, Medieval, Modern and General Histories will be given as prizes in addition to Webster's Dictionary, as already announced in circulars sent to teachers by Co. Sup't Berg.

Dr. Mettauer's Headache and Dyspepsia Pills, price 25 cents, cure at once. Headache, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, and Constipation. [12-17.-1m.]

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHEST SPRINGS, PA., Dec. 14, 1880.

DEAR FREEMAN—After a protracted silence I again take up the pen of the correspondent, this time from the vicinity of Chest Springs.

Our little town is quite a flourishing one for its size and location. It contains two church buildings, two schools, three stores, two blacksmith shops, etc., and dear knows where all the customers come from.

We have also preaching here every other Sabbath by Rev. G. F. Sarvis, of the Methodist church.

A well organized Sabbath school is another feature of the place. Its efficient superintendent is Mr. Perry McDonald, and the Berean-Lesson Class is ably instructed by Mr. Chas. H. Perry. Mr. James Perry himself also teaches a class in the school, whilst the music is led in good style by Mrs. Jerry Wilbert. The other teachers are Miss Mary Hurd and Miss Seethman. Last and least, your correspondent is secretary of the institution. Rev. Sarvis is an excellent preacher, and is able to expound the Word to the edification of his charge.

At present writing it is warm, raining and sloppy, with a decided tendency to muddyness; and what little snow there was is being rapidly obliterated. If we may so use the term.

The only sensation hereaway just now is the unpleasant presence of a something which people take to be a wildcat. It prowls about at night, visiting barn-yards and even farm houses. The other night this uncanny visitant crept up to the window of a farm house and placed its two fore paws on the sill, uttering plaintive cries in the meantime, and leaving marks of its paws in the snow. Nothing is ever seen of it during the day. One night just after dark a young farmer in this vicinity was in the barn-yard looking after the stock, when he espied this dark intruder crouching about under the wagons and sleds. He seized a harrow-pin and let drive at the interloper, but nothing daunted it advanced on him, and he was obliged to retreat to the house, whither the animal closely pursued him.

In the absence of a near grist-mill a handy contrivance has been gotten up by Mr. Burt M'Connell—namely, a grist-mill attached to his saw-mill. When the water is in plenty it does efficient service in pulverizing corn, oats, buckwheat, etc., and is withal a very useful arrangement

But, as "my spavined Pegasus has ta'en the rust," I will close for the present.

A. D. H.

In (Not Out) on the Fly.—The following composition was written by a thirteen-year-old pupil of what is known as the McMullen school, Clearfield School District, this county. We don't know that it was written on the fly-leaf of a book, but to be in keeping with the eternal fitness of things it certainly should have been. Here, however, is the fly-gist of the entirety—judge ye of its merits coming from one so young:

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

Of all his companions he is the last one left behind.

The last fly of Fall
Leaves his mark upon the wall.
What a dreary life a fly leads.

It goes around "buzz-z!" It has four feet, two eyes, two wings, and a glossy head.

"The last fly of summer" puts you in mind of a weary traveller. In the summer they form a ring around the molasses bowl, for they like molasses or sugar better than anything else.

I used to get the sugar-bowl full and then I would set the bowl down and leave them out one at a time and count them, then they are very mischievous insects; anything they can get their dirty little jibs into, there they are sure to be.

I know them by the time I get out of the table in the summer. They are always singing.

When the cool nights come they all gather to a corner, as close to the stove as they can get. When it gets a little cooler they all get weak, and fall down.

The window-sill is always full of them, and when dirty housekeepers leave the cobwebs sticking up around the walls, they are always sticking full.

A spider likes to make his supper on a poor fly. A fly will torment the life out of, and make him mad.

They are very provoking when they crawl into the molasses and you have to pick them out with a fork.

Never kill nor hurt a fly,
For it can feel as well as I.

VANIE W.
McMullen School, Clearfield Twp., Cambria Co., Pa., Dec. 17, 1880.

Argument Court List.—The following list of causes have been set down for argument at the Court House, in this place, on Wednesday, Jan. 5, 1880:

Commonwealth vs. C. T. Schubert; P. F. Kearney vs. Adam Leiden and J. Leiden; Jos. Shoemaker vs. Same; Same vs. Walters; Wm. Donahoe; Same vs. Same; Wm. Hall et al. vs. S. H. Smith, et al.; Patterson vs. Patterson; John B. Wesley vs. Jacob Koonsman; Commonwealth vs. George C. Breon; Same vs. A. J. Christy; Same vs. Florian Schwartz; Peter Schwab vs. Behind; Margaret Brown; Adam Smith vs. John Lenz; McColgan's use vs. Lloyd & Hipps; Joseph Miller vs. P. M. & J. Brown; Same vs. Same and N. S. George; Elizabeth Moyer vs. Dayis et al.; Thomas Herzog vs. Somerset and Cambria Railroad Company; Inscho vs. Inscho; Rifleth vs. Zimmerman vs. Wehn et al.; Goughnour vs. Goughnour; P. M. & J. Brown vs. Theodore Makin; Cooper vs. Craver; McCoy vs. McConnell; McCreery vs. Boyer.

Petition of Anastasia Boland to supply lost deed.

In the matter of the petition of Margaret Riblett for a rule to show cause, etc.

In the matter of the petition of Samuel J. Royer, Burgess of Johnstown, for a rule to show cause.

In the matter of the petition of John Lantzy for a rule to show cause why forfeiture of recognizance should not be stricken off.

Bell's Gap Railroad.—The Altoona *Tribune* says that on last Saturday at 11 o'clock, A. M., the last rail was laid on the extension of this little giant of a road, and a lolly day they made out of it—"killed the fatted calf," roasted a pig, and every one joined in making it a day long to be remembered by the people at Coalport, when the iron horse first broke the stillness of the wild mountains by its whistle. Even the owl is aroused from its day-dream to wonder what is yet to come. This road now has an opening into the finest timber lands, richest coal fields and best agricultural districts in the Allegheny, and under the management of such an efficient railroad man as Mr. Ford, the Superintendent, the road's career will be a bright and prosperous one.

A Short "Stump" Speech.—Cambria county farmers who have stumps to get rid of may find something to their advantage in the following from the *Scientific American*, which we probably published before, but which will do no harm and may do some good to publish again: "In the autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, vertically in the centre of the latter, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces offalpetre; fill the hole with water and plug it up tight. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in a half gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

"Mamma, is the old hen going to be sent away for the summer?" "No, Charlie—but why do you ask?" "Well, I heard papa tell the new hired girl that they would have a fine time when he sent the old hen away for the summer." Mamma put little Sammy to bed, after giving him a dose of SINES' WILD CHERRY and HOARHOUND for his cold, telling him he would be well in the morning; and then she *laid* for papa—and only for his having a bottle of Roberts' Embrocation in the house, he might have been a cripple for life.

The many friends hereaway of Mr. Ed. Ormsby, lately employed on the fancy stone work for our new Court House, will be interested in learning that he has obtained a paying "posish" in Memphis, Tenn., and that he left Philadelphia for that city on Sunday night last. That a solid fortune awaits him in the "solid south," where he is solid for a hearty welcome from many friends gained while a sojourner there some two or three years ago, is the good luck that we heartily wish him.

Have you ever known any person to be seriously ill without a weak stomach or inactive liver or kidneys? And when these organs are in good condition do you not find their possessor enjoying good health? Parker's Ginger Tonic always regulates these important organs and never fails to make the pure blood and strengthen the nerves in every part of the system. It has cured hundreds of despairing invalids. Ask your neighbor about it. See other column.

Several localities in this and adjoining counties have been terribly scourged of late with diphtheria and scarlet fever, but in no community that we are aware of has the latter disease, nor indeed either of them, decimated the ranks of juvenile humanity to such an alarming extent as it is now doing in Houtzdale, Clearfield county, where no less than eighteen deaths from that terrible disease is said to have occurred in one day this week.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. KUNKLE'S WORM SYRUP—A pleasant, safe and effectual remedy for all kinds of worms. It removes Seat, Pin, Thread, Round and Stomach Worms. (Dr. Kunkle is the only successful Physician in the Country who removes Tape Worm, head and all complete, in two hours, and no fee until removed. (4,000 specimens can be seen at any time at his office). Common sense teaches if Tape Worm be removed, all others can be destroyed. Symptoms for children or grown persons: a pale, leaden color, and occasionally flushed countenance, a bluish streak under the eyes, eyes dull and heavy, the pupils are dilated or very much contracted, the lower eyelids and the upper lip tremely during the night while sleeping, picking the nose, fetid breath, disturbed sleep, during which the patient grinds the teeth, is apt to lie on the Stomach, to spring out and start up suddenly as if frightened, palpitation, debility, and softness of flesh, a dry and spasmodic cough, irregular depraved appetite, abdomen swollen and hard, diarrhœa or costiveness, unnatural, slimy and fœtid stool, pricking and tearing pains in the bowels, emaciation, convulsions, fits, spasms, itching at the rectum—these symptoms are not always all present, but when a patient is afflicted with the most of them it is a sure indication of the presence of worms. All these symptoms and more come from worms. E. F. KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the doctor), for all others, buy the genuine Kunkle's Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. KUNKLE, 256 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free: write your name plain. Sold by druggists.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron

Gives tone to the Stomach. It improves the appetite and assists digestion; excites the bowels to healthy action, expelling all the foul humors that contaminate the blood, corrupt the breath, and offend the mouth. It excites the Liver to a healthy action and strengthens the nerves, imparting that glow of life that so proceeds alone from perfect health. Thousands in all walks of life testify to the virtues of this excellent medicine in correcting the derangement of the digestive organs. Get the genuine. Sold only in $1.00 bottles, or 6 bottles for $5.00. Ask for E. F. KUNKEL'S and take no other. If your druggist has it not, send to the proprietor, E. F. KUNKEL, 256 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; enclose three-cent stamp. Ashcombash & Miller, Sole Agents, 34 and Callowhill hill St., Philad'a, Pa.

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS.

Having had unauthorized inquiries for advertising cards from ladies in all parts of the country, who are interested in the prevailing fashion of making "Card Collections," we are having printed for them a set of seven beautiful cards, each in six colors and on a gold background, in the very highest degree of the art, illustrating Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." We have spared no expense in these cards—they are simply little art-gems. Our only aim has been to publish the finest cards yet shown. Applications for them have been so rapidly that nearly the whole edition is engaged, and we can supply to us of the cards from the artist. We have therefore been obliged to adopt the following plan for the distribution of the remainder: Send us one of the gilt Shakespeare cards, seven in the series, will be sent excepting upon the receipt of a statement from a grocer that the person applying for the cards has bought of him on that day at least seven bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap, with price paid for same. All applying in this manner will receive the full set of seven cards gratis by mail. This will insure us that our friends and patrons get their share of those beautiful designs, although it is no manner secure in for like our friends. Your grocer has the soap or will get it, and the purchase by you of seven bars of it at one time will secure for you gratis seven costly household cards. The soap improves with age and is an article of necessity in your house every week. Therefore you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one that you must have anyway. Please send us your application at once, and tell your lady friends making "Card Collections" to do the same.

Yours, respectfully,

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For Grown PERSONS or the Youngest CHILDREN use the old and safe

Dr. Fitler's Soothing Carminative.

It can be given with perfect safety to any baby if only two or three days old. It does not stupefy, but the little thing will go to sleep naturally, and get awake laughing. It cures DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY, no matter how long standing, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SUMMER COMPLAINT, WIND COLIC, fretting and crying of infants, which is a sure sign of pain, GREEN STOOL, SOUR VOMITING, SLEEPLESSNESS, and all complaints of the stomach or BOWELS.

Price, 25 cts. a bottle—a *safe and certain cure*. It is the oldest remedy in use, and is recommended by PHYSICIANS. Sold by DRUGGISTS and STOREKEEPERS.

TEY SIMPSON'S LICORICE WORM LOZENGES. They are pleasant, safe and sure. 25 cts.

Sold by Dr. Fitler, Depot, 1009 Third St., Philada., Pa.

Lozenges for sale by N. J. FREIDHOFF and V. S. BARKER & BRO., Ebensburg. [1-25.-11m.]

He was a little lawyer man—
Who meekly blushed while he began
Her poor old head's white as the swan.
He smiled while thinking of his fee—
Then said to her so tenderly,
"You have a nice fat leg a-ey."
And when he lay next day in bed,
With plasters on his aching head,
He wondered what on earth he said.

There seems to have been a sort of misapprehension in the mind of the widow. But what we shall say concerning Simon & Goddard's next, for the First National Bank, Altoona, will be said in language so plain that everybody will understand it. We are offering them a holiday rush of ready-made clothing from ten to twenty per cent. cheaper than any other dealer. You mean to visit Altoona during the holidays, don't you? Then fall not to call on S. & B. and see their stock. You will find it among the most complete in that city, while there is none better or cheaper.

Listen to the sleigh-bells' jingle!
See the merry snow-flakes mingle!
How it makes our life-blood tingle!
A royal welcome to old Kriss Kringle!

A royal welcome likewise to Godfrey Wolf! In honor of his advent to this locality, and to the end that hundreds of hearts may be made glad, that gentleman has brought on from the Eastern cities stacks on stacks of the newest and best out and best of clothing and placed the same on exhibition in his extensive rooms, near door to the postoffice, Altoona; and his promise is on record that he will dispose of the clothing to customers at lower prices than were ever before heard of. Remember—this is no idle boast. He means what he says, and if any of our readers stand in need of cold weather gear, during the next ten days is the time to procure it. The celebrated Rochester clothing a specialty. Children's and youths' garments will be waited on by Mr. C. H. Latterner, formerly of this place.

What time the holidays roll round,
The lad boy, still in frocks,
Led by the ear, to his ma draws near,
And getteth his Christmas box.

A rare present to put into the right kind of a Christmas box, and not one on the ear, would be a nice suit of ready-made clothing. It would speedily transform the worst of boys into a perfect specimens. And we would suggest, when this present comes to be bought at Jas J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, that not only for young persons as well as those of more tender growth, is large, stylish, and cheap—oh! so cheap. Indeed, during the continuance of the holidays, he promises to sell to all comers at the lowest prices ever named—just by way of tendering the compliments of the season to his customers. Special attention is directed to his stock of overcoats, which are of all styles and at all prices.

A man stood on the icy pave.
His teeth were firmly set;
His heels flew up, his body down—
It made him mad, you bet.

He would have escaped this mishap had he worn a pair of the boots or shoes sold by S. Blumenthal, 311 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, good and sheer calculated exclusively for Winter use, and warranted not to slip. Mr. Blumenthal's stock is always large, but just now it is more comprehensive than at any former time. It includes wear for ladies and gentlemen, boys, girls and infants, and special attention having been paid to the selection of the stock, customers are sure to find an article which is reliable in every respect. As to prices, it need only be said that no other retail dealer in this section can sell at so cheap. A large lot of Arctic overshoes and rubbers on hand.

Election of Directors.

—Notice is hereby given that the annual election of Directors of the Cambria Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held at the office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, January 10, 1881*, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

Dec. 24, 1880.-2t. T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Notice.

—Notice is hereby given that the account of Henry Walters, Assignee of David Smay for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county for confirmation on the first Monday of March next.

C. E. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 20, '80.-3t.*

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of John Gill, deceased.

Letters of administration having been granted to the Register of Cambria county to the undersigned on the estate of John Gill, late of Gallitzin borough, in said county, deceased, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. GEO. GUTWALT, Administrator.

Gallitzin, Dec. 17, 1880.-6t.*

Estray.

—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Croyle township, about the beginning of August last, a heifer with a white stripe running back from the shoulder and a white spot on the forehead; no other marks visible. Supposed to be two years old last Spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

FREDERICK MAUSE.

Croyle Twp., Dec. 17, 1880.-3t.*

Stray Hogs.

—Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, in Clearfield township, about the middle of last September, five large hogs and two small shoats. Each of the larger ones has a piece cut out of the right ear and a notch in the left ear. The undersigned will pay for information that will lead to the recovery of said hogs will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded by EDWARD SUTTON.

St. Augustine, Dec. 17, 1880.-3t.*

To the Public.

—Take notice that an application will be made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, session for 1881, for an extension of the act of assembly, approved April 4, 1809, giving certain criminal jurisdiction to Justices of the Peace in Cambria county.

HENRY SCANLAN,
H. KINKEAD.

Dec. 15, 1880.-4t.

Estray.

—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Chest township, some time in August last, a red colored yearling steer. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away; otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

Dec. 10, 1

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS AS A HOLIDAY—THE MANNER OF ITS OBSERVANCE IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

The 25th of December is the day on which the sun is near the most southern point in its apparent annual journey, and for so long as we have historical record, it has been celebrated by ceremonies and rejoicings.

The Hindoos on this day decorate their homes with garlands of flowers and papers of gold and tinsel, and the custom of making presents to relatives and friends is universally observed.

The Egyptians recognized it by their festival in honor of the birth of their god Horus.

In China it is a general holiday, the shops are shut and the court closed. No journey would under any circumstances be commenced on this day.

The Persians kept it as the birthday of Mithras the Mediator, a spirit of the sun, with ceremonies of uncommon splendor.

The old Romans held high festival in honor of Bacchus, rejoicing with him that the sun was about to return and revivify the vineyards. They designated the day the birthday of the Invincible sun.

There is no record that the birthday of Jesus the Christ was observed till the second century. At the suggestion of Pope Telesphorus some of the Eastern churches recognized the 6th of January as the day, while those of the West added it to other celebrations in the last week of December.

In the fourth century Pope Julius made an order assembling the chief theologians of the time for the purpose of examining all evidence bearing upon the date of the birth of Jesus, that they should, if possible, fix the day, in order that its observance might be universal. After due deliberation they decided that it was on December the 25th. This decision was, at the time, believed by many of the Fathers in the Church to be erroneous, and they went so far as to assert that the examiners had been biased in their decision by the desire to please the public, to whom this day had already come to be a noted one. Popular feeling, however, sustained their decision, which was finally universally accepted and commemorated, although it is now generally believed to be wrong. On the publication of the decision the Roman Church decreed and instituted special prayers to priests, to be said on that day, which are known as Christ masses.

But we find another derivation for the name. The old Saxons had a word *Mossa*, by which they designated all days freed from labor, whether holidays or fast days. The holidays kept in remembrance of the birth of Christ, were *Christ Mossa*.

The spread of the Christian religion carried with it the observance of Christmas as a religious festival with which became connected other observances varying with the customs and habits of different nations.

With the Germans, Christmas is esteemed the "Children's Festival," and with them originated the world-famous myth of "Saint Nicholas," *alias* "Santa Claus," *alias* "Kris Kringle," the patron of Yule-tide and the friend of all proper boys and prettily behaved girls. Happily the reforms in the observance of the day, which began in Germany, reached and was copied in other portions of Europe. Christmas is also now children's day in England and France. In toys and confections for the period the children are distinctly remembered in Italy, and in America the Christmas Tree, the "stockings hung by the chimney with care," and the harmless, merry games and innocent glee of childhood supplant much of the boisterous carousal which once tended to render the day rollicking and riotous. It was formerly the custom, and is still the practice in some of the small villages in North Germany, to commission the personage of "Knecht Rupert," corresponding with our "Santa Claus," to distribute all the presents made by parents and friends to children. Disguised by a mask wearing an enormous flaxen beard, clad in a long white robe, he was received by the parents with great ceremony, called for the children, and after the strictest investigation into their deserving, dispensed gifts accordingly. Santa Claus, we all know, reports himself differently.

CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS TREES.—As well might we dance without music, or attempt to write a poem without rhythm, as to keep Christmas without a Christmas tree. Lore and tradition have endowed it with an almost sacred prestige, and ages of custom invested it with an import which growing years seem not to abate. Without it the celebration of Christmas becomes but an empty ceremony—gifts may abound, smile and good cheer be in the ascendant, but if this beautiful emblem be absent, the quaint halo of poetry, which should ever be the distinguishing characteristic of the day's enjoyment, is missing; and gifts, e'en though they be of inestimable value, have no sweet significance; of the earth, earthy, they are barren of reminiscence, and devoid of that tender aura of mystery, felt, yet scarce expressed, which should ever pervade and isolate the tokens of this holiday of holidays. Yet, let them dangle by a bright ribbon from the branches of one of those tall, plumy, graceful evergreens which we instinctively select, and lo! a fairy poised on the tapering tip, becomes a little divinity, "en rapport" with the great Kris Kringle. Winking and blinking little lights, like a whole galaxy of stars escaping from their spheres for a holiday and a thousand quaint and aerial fancies flutter and flit like fairy whisperings before the imagination, evoked not by sordid expectation, but born of our more delicate esthetic sensibilities, which clothe in their robes of purity the gross skeleton of self, chasten and tone all to exquisite harmony. This is the ideal Christmas, and none are more susceptible to its finer phases than children, who, with their vivid imaginations and unbounded credulity, revel in the unique enchantments of the day with an abandonment which is a power of itself, and a marvel, as well as a refreshment to older spectators. By all means, let the people of the utilitarian age cherish tenderly this ancient emblem of Christmas festivities, watching jealously lest the relentless wheels of progress crush this last remaining relic of the dear old days' types and symbols.

ARE FISH DEAF?—Most trout fisherman would laugh at any scientist who should tell them that trout are deaf. Accustomed to move noiselessly along the banks of brooks, lest the timid fish take alarm, and their sports be spoiled, the mere mention of deaf trout seems absurd to them. But Seth Green, the famous breeder of fish, who knows more about trout than veteran fisherman, expresses the opinion that fish cannot hear. He also gives stubborn facts in support of his opinion. In a pond a hundred feet long, well stocked with trout, when the fish were gathered at one end, his servant, lying flat on the ground, and unseen by the trout, could strike together heavy stones in the water without exciting any disturbance among them. Mr. Green often fired his gun close by the pond, but if the trout could not see the flash, they never stirred. On the other hand, a slight jar of the ground communicated to the water would start them in alarm. Mr. Green is convinced by his experiments that trout cannot hear common sounds. They are quick-sighted to detect any moving object, and they may be startled by the step of a fisherman, if he jars the ground. But to ordinary sounds, he believes they are utterly deaf.

$10,000

Worth of all kinds of GOODS will be opened this week at

Corn's Store, in Chest Springs.

Everybody should remember that we are NOW OPENING the largest and most complete stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.,

For the HOLIDAY TRADE ever offered for sale in Cambria county. Mr. Corn has just returned from New York and Philadelphia, where he has purchased an immense stock of fashionable goods at the lowest figures. Everybody, therefore, should go to

Corn's Store, Chest Springs,

WHERE THEY MAY DEPEND UPON GETTING

GREAT BARGAINS

In everything they buy. The largest stock of goods on the Allegheny Mountains, we repeat, will be

OPENED THIS WEEK

AT CORN'S STORE, CHEST SPRINGS.

BRING YOUR CASH OR PRODUCE.

SIX ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS.

☞ Mr. Corn himself, aided by an efficient corps of clerks, will be in attendance and always ready, willing and anxious to wait on you all, either old or young, large or small. Thankful to

Farmers, Lumbermen and Citizens Generally

for their past patronage, and hoping for a continuance of the same, we remain

Yours, Respectfully,

STRICTLY { CASH / PRODUCE } FOR GOODS. S. B. CORN & CO.

BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN

FOR THE READY CASH DOWN!

New Stock of Winter GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE.

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of $5 each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞ A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest market price will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, December, 1880.

Look! Look! See! See!

JUST RECEIVED:

A LARGE AND NOBBY LINE OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

Also, a Full Stock of

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

IN ENDLESS VARIETY. OUR LINE OF

OVERCOATS

CANNOT BE BEATEN FOR QUALITY, MAKE-UP AND PRICE.

We have also received a large and complete line of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,

Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

—AT THE—

Young America Clothing House,

Corner 11th Avenue and 11th Street,

OPPOSITE THE OPERA HOUSE,

ALTOONA, PA.,

N. B.—Do not fail to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are acknowledged to be the cheapest house in Blair county. [3Sept.'80.-tf.]

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA

A CURE GUARANTEED, 25 CENTS BY USING

DR METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a few minutes SICK, NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE MD.

This Organ is and is Sold. The purchaser takes no Risk or responsibility whatever.

MARCHAL & SMITH ORGAN CO., $60

Try nothing direct from Factory to purchaser, can sell this beautiful Organ, 70 inches high, 48 inches long, solid walnut case, 5 octaves, 15 stops, 4 Sets of Reeds, for $60. Other factories charge double this price for same grade of instrument. To test this magnificent Organ, We therefore put the price at $60, and send on Fifteen Days' Trial. We want work introduced, hence this extraordinary offer. Circulars, Testimonials, etc., sent free.

Order at Once. Deposit the money with your bank or any responsible merchant, to be paid to us if Organ is satisfactory, or to be returned to you if Organ is not so. Quote the Only House in America that offers a Genuine Organ, 4 sets of Reeds, having Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler, Grand and Swell Organ, for $60. Order direct or send for full illustrated circular. MARCHAL & SMITH, 9 West Eleventh Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW PREMIUM CORN SHELLER.

ONLY CHEAP PRACTICLE HAND CORN SHELLER MADE, WILL DO AS MUCH AS ANY $ DOLLAR SHELLER IN THE MARKET.

TWO IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES.

FIRST.—It does not injure the corn, and is therefore just the thing to use for shelling corn for seed.

SECOND.—The tip end and butt end of the corn can be shelled into one vessel, and the body of the ear into another, which is an immense convenience, as many farmers plant only the corn from the middle of the ear.

Every Farmer wants this Sheller for shelling corn for poultry, for meal, for seed, or for any similar purpose, no matter how many high-priced shellers he may have.

It Will Pay For Itself Many Times Over on Any Farm.

Our PREMIUM CORN SHELLER is destined to become the Leading Hand Corn Sheller of the day. When once introduced no other small sheller will be wanted. We believe this to be the Best Hand Corn Sheller ever Invented. Canvassing AGENTS WANTED in every County.

☞ For Sale by all first-class Country Stores and Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements. Ask your dealer sure, and if he has not got it, we will send a Sample prepaid, to any address upon receipt of $1. Address the only Manufacturers,

Publishers, FARM & FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

THE FEROCIOUS FROG.—The London *Telegraph* relates the following story of the curious propensity of the frog, alleged to have been discovered during the drainage of some huge carp ponds upon Count Schafgotche's estate of Warmbrunn. Upon transfering the fish from these preserves to baskets, for the purpose of conveying them to tanks wherein they might disport themselves while their old familiar quarters were being cleansed, it was observed that frogs were clinging to the backs of many of the larger carp. Most of the fish thus beridden were blind, the frogs' fore feet being found firmly fixed in the eye-sockets of their victims

Interrogated respecting this strange phenomenon, the chief pond-keeper told our contemporary's informant that according to his experience, extending over several years, frogs were the deadliest enemies with which the carp had to contend, and caused an annual mortality among the fish under his care of from three to four per cent. of their total number. The frog's object in bestriding the carp, he said, was to feed upon the slimy matter that so frequently forms a sort of spongy crust on the head and back of the older fish; and, once settled in their favorite seat, they speedily succeed in gouging their hapless steeds, which, when blinded, being unable to look out for their food, soon perished of hunger. How tightly these voracious batrachians hold on to their living pastures was exemplified by the pond master, who picked up a carp weighing two pounds and a half and held it suspended in the air by one of the hind legs of a frog perched upon its back in the manner above described. Carp thus frog ridden to death begin to turn yellow on the third day after the parasitical croaker has taken his seat, rapidly waste away, and generally die within a fortnight from the commencement of their martyrdom. In clear water it is pretended that they can espy their nimble foe as he prepares to spring upon them and by a timely wriggle often escape his attack; but in dim and slimy old ponds like Count Schaafgotsche's, they too frequently fall a victim to his saltatory skill and merciless appetite.

GIANT CACTUS OF ARIZONA.—Dr. Thomas has furnished for the *Country Gentleman* an account of the giant cactus of Arizona (*Cereus giganteus*), one of the greatest wonders of the vegetable kingdom, the result of his personal examination during a recent journey thro' that country. The trees have no leaves, the flower being on the upper end of the colossal stems or branches. The green surface of the stem performs the office of leaves in assimilating nutriment for the plant. These trees may be compared to immense saw-logs set up on end, with handsome and regular fluttering of the surface, like that of a marble column. The projecting ridges are completely armed with thorns from 2 to 2½ inches in length. This cactus sometimes grows 30 to 40 feet high without a branch, although larger and older ones usually have one or more branches. The stem is from 16 to 24 inches in diameter and occasionally 60 to 70 feet high. It always tapers smaller towards the base. Two or three inches within the fleshy exterior there is a wooden core, with flutings corresponding to those on the outside. The core is filled with a spongy substance which contains a great deal of water nearly pure, so that people in that dry region, suffering from thirst, often tap the tree to quench it. The flowers are white, sometimes a fine pink, and measure 2½ inches across and three inches deep. The stamens, attached to the corolla, are innumerable, probably many hundreds.

WHAT CAUSES GRAY HAIRS.—Gray hairs sometimes come prematurely by inheritance, trouble, or the largest use of water containing lime. The sudden blanching of a head of hair is frequently caused by severe shocks, and numerous historical and traditional cases may be cited in which sudden fear or overwhelming news has turned the hair white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching; for in a night her rich dark hair was changed into a silver gray. A sepoy of the Bengal army was taken prisoner in 1858, and the fright he received caused his hair to become completely whitened within an hour, the change being so rapid as to cause his captors to exclaim, in astonishment, "He is turning gray." Under the influence of fear or any great mental shock, the blood recedes from the surface of the body to the heart; and it is supposed that the same influence may cause the coloring fluid of the hair to retire to the root-bulbs, where it remains thereafter. Gray hair has been known to become dark without the chemist's aid. In 1774, Nazarella, a man of 105 years old, was presented by nature with a new set of teeth, and a restoration of the black hair of his youth. John Weeks was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death, which occurred at the age of 114. Sir John Sinclaire, dying at 110, rejoiced at a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. Dr. Richards has reported the case of a man who had three changes of his hair from black to white during his life, the first taking place when he was about thirty-five years old.

COW-TREE RUBBER.—Most of the Brazilian India rubber hitherto in use has come from the city of Para, on the Amazon River; but large quantities are now being exported from the province of Pernambuco, further south. Para rubber is the inspissated juice of the well-known caout-chouc-tree, whereas the Pernambuco gum is the product of the mangaberia or cow-tree. It is only recently that the rubber-yielding qualities of this tree have been appreciated; and the discovery has tapped an almost inexhaustible store of rubber, for these trees are common in the Brazilian woods. The process of preparing mangabera rubber is simpler than the method followed with Para rubber. The milk or juice of the cow-tree is coagulated by admixture with alum and water, and the clotted mass allowed to dry in the air before it is packed for exportation. For rough work, demanding strength, the rubber thus prepared is preferable to the ordinary caoutchouc; and it is eminently suited for the springs of railroad-cars, tramcars, or other vehicles, the tires or bicycles, and so forth.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following as an excellent remedy for the excruciating pain produced by bone felon: Take common salt, such as is used for salting down beef or pork, dry it in an oven, then pound and mix it with spirits of turpentine, in equal parts. Put it in a bag and wrap it around the part affected; and as it gets dry put on more. In twenty-four hours you are cured: the felon is dead.

TRUE scales which fly off from iron being worked at forges, iron trimmings, filings, or other ferruginous material, if worked into the soil about fruit trees or the more minute particles spread thinly on the lawn, mixed with the earth of flower beds or in pots, add greatly to the productiveness of the soil. For colored flowers, they heighten the bloom, and increase the brilliancy.

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR KIDNEY PAD

CURE YOUR BACK ACHE

And all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs by wearing the

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR KIDNEY PAD!

It is a MARVEL of HEALING and RELIEF

SIMPLE, SENSIBLE, DIRECT, PAINLESS, POWERFUL.

It CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. A REVELATION and REVOLUTION in Medicine. Absorbs or direct application, as opposed to unsatisfactory internal medicines. Send for our Kidney troubles, sent free. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, on receipt of price, $2.

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☞ This is the Original and Genuine Kidney Pad. Ask for it and take no other.

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WILLIAMS' BLOCK, DETROIT, Mich.

Cures by ABSORPTION (Nature's Way).

ALL LUNG DISEASES! THROAT DISEASES! BREATHING TROUBLES!

IT DRIVES INTO the system curative agents and healing medicines.

IT DRAWS FROM the diseased parts the poisons that cause death.

Thousands testify to its Virtues.

YOU CAN BE RELIEVED AND CURED.

Don't despair until you have tried this Sensible, Easily Applied and RADICALLY EFFECTUAL Remedy.

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Largest and Cheapest Stock of

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GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

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TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF

S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,

HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES,

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, workson natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, New Styles, 10c. Agents wanted. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN, $1.50 a year, in advance.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM,

OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Used according to the rules for which it will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when the use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is today recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Falling of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the great-est and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For sale by Geo. A. Kyle & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. Wm. Lukens, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2, 26-1y.]

Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents Chicken Cholera. Two cents worth will yield 25 pounds of meat. Those who have used it say it is the best. The Powder and Liniment are sold separately. Beware of worthless imitations.

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a great cleaning thing.—G. Jesse Brown, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cows and they have done well. Nearly twenty-two gallons of butter on 20th inst. My chickens were dying, but were cured immediately after I had used your Powder.—Jesse Painter, Butler, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Used it on poultry for cholera, and it cured them. Have used it on my own stock.—Jos. Weaver, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one droppy turkey or chicken since.—Mrs. Wm. K. Young, Pa.

Send me a pack of two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter cured nine chickens cholera. I have some of it to a neighbor's cattle with cholera.—John Willis, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 927 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. For sale by N. J. Freidhoff, Ebensburg, Pa. [1-6, '80-1y.]

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Ginger, Buchu, Sandwort, Stillingia and many other of the best medicinal roots known are scientifically combined in Parker's Ginger Tonic, thus securing the greatest blood Purifier and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

To perfect it the combination of Parker's Ginger Tonic that contains no rum, gin or whiskey, which it is well. If you have Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney, Liver or Lung Disease, or if you need a mild tonic or alterative, the Tonic is just the medicine for you, as it will build up wasting away with Consumption or any sickness, if you have a Painful Cough or a bad Cold, Parker's Ginger Tonic will give you relief. It gives new life and vigor to the feeble and aged, and is a certain cure for Rheumatism and Cholera Morbus.

It Has Saved Hundreds Lives; It May Save Yours.

If you are feeling miserable don't wait until you are down sick, but use the Tonic to-day. A single dose may convince you of symptoms may be it will give prompt relief.

Remember! Parker's Ginger Tonic is not a rum drink but the Best and Purest Family Medicine ever made, compounded by a new process, and entirely different from Bitters, Ginger preparations and all other Tonics. Try a 50c. bottle. Your druggist can supply you.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing

Quickly restored and perfectly harmless

Will always Restore Gray or Faded Hair to its original youthful color and appearance, and is warranted to stop its falling, assist its growth and prevent baldness.

A few applications of the Balsam will soften the hair, cleanse all dandruff and cure itching and humors of the scalp. Sold by all druggists at 50c. per bottle. Nov. 12, 1880.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

There is no civilized section in the Western Hemisphere in which the fame of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a tonic, corrective, and anti-bilious medicine, is not known and appreciated. While it is a medicine for all seasons and all climates, it is especially suited to the complaints generated by the weather, being the purest and best vegetable stimulant in the world.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1881.

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP

Is superior to all other soaps. It is combined with Sulphur in its pure, unadulterated state, which enters the pores of the skin, being absorbed into the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, both locally and constitutionally, thereby eliminating impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a cleanness, purity and freshness of the complexion which is unequalled, and can be produced by no other means. As a toilet, nursery or bathroom it is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white and healthy; is cleansing, delightful, refreshing, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, ulcers, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles when nothing else will have any effect. Ask for VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP; insist upon it, and take no imitation. Sold by druggists. Aschenbach & Miller, Proprietors, No. 301 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by M. L. Oatman, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-6.-1y.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-1y.]

THE LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS

This popular name of the saint to presides over Christmas and the toy gifts of that welcome season is derived from St. Nicholas. The legend of his disappearance is an Italian one. According to this, a shoemaker, named Grimaldi, was so miserably poor that his labor from day to day barely kept his family from starvation, and he was unable to give even a small dowry to his pretty daughters. It was not thought proper in those days to marry without a dowry, and thus the young girls, though each had an admirer, were compelled to remain single. Their father, however, went every morning to the shrine to pray to his patron saint, St. Nicholas, that he would work a miracle to relieve him from his distress. One of his nearest neighbors, a rich merchant, who observed one day a overhear his simple petition, ridiculed the idea of his expecting the saint to take care of his daughters, and recommended him to choose a partner that who could be able to do something for him. "Mine," he said, "is the Jew Boonjura: he lends money at 100 per cent. a month; and if you know how to manage, you may make four with it. He is not so deaf as St. Nicholas." The poor man was shocked at this impious speech, and assured the merchant that his religious faith could never be shaken. He went every day to church, notwithstanding the other's mockery. It was now Christmas day, when the merchant and the Jew settled up their yearly accounts; Boonjura found he owed his friend three hundred ducats, and willing to give him an agreeable surprise, he ordered one of the casks he had emptied, fully fattened, to be filled and roasted, and then, with his own hands, introduced the three hundred gold pieces into the inside and sewed them up. He then sent the duck to the merchant as a Christmas present. The merchant's wife shared in the common prejudice against the Jews, and declared that she would not touch the duck, and the merchant resolved to sell it. When Giraldi passed on his way to church, his neighbor, as usual, hastened him on his devotion, showed him the Christmas gift his patron saint had sent him and taunted him with the stability of St. Nicholas, who could not even send him a piece of bread. Finally he offered to sell the duck for a dollar, and to wait for payment, as he knew Giraldi to be strictly honest. The shoemaker carried the duck home, and when he carved it for his Christmas dinner, three hundred ducats falling out, his first exclamation was, "Praise to St. Nicholas!" When he recovered from his surprise he would have taken the money back, but his wife persuaded him that, as he bought the duck, it was rightfully its own. He therefore divided the sum between the two suitors for his eldest daughters. The merchant, after some days, discovered his loss of three hundred ducats, and went to the shoemaker to demand the money, which was refused. The cause came before the magistrate, who was a pious man, and heard with indignation how cruelly the poor man had been ridiculed about his religion. His decision was that Giraldi should keep the money, and that the merchant and the Jew should pay a fine for their treasonous dealings of 150 ducats, to be given as a dowry for the shoemaker's youngest daughter. The meaning of this legend is that a beneficent Providence watches over and takes care of the poor, who are honest, religious and truthful. The tradition runs that since that time St. Nicholas pays a visit every Christmas night to all whom he thinks worthy of his favors. He is known altogether by the name of—Santa Claus.

GRANULATED BUTTER.—The superiority of granulated butter is now admitted, and as comparatively few have a knowledge of the process, the following directions are appended. The mode of granulating butter is to churn the cream in the usual way till just before it is ready to gather—till the butter will separate from the buttermilk and rise to the top like cream, which it will always do before gathering. At this stage the contents of the churn are cooled down to fifty-six degrees by introducing cold water or brine, and the work finished by churning slowly. The butter will then form into fine pellets or a few lumps. The butter thus granulated is separated from the buttermilk in the way and washed in either cold water or brine till the water will run off clear; two washings are generally enough. A tight cask of the size desired, and suitable for holding butter, is prepared before-hand and filled partly full of brine as strong as it can be made from pure salt. Into this butter is put as washed without any working or salting. If enough is not made in one churning the butter must be kept down under the brine till the cask is filled and then headed up tight. Through a hole in the head any vacancy that may exist must be filled perfectly with brine and the hole plugged. It is then ready for transportation or long keeping. When wanted for use it may be taken from the cask and pressed into any solid form desired and the brine adhering to it will season it about as most people desire it. If wanted fresh it may be washed in cold water, when it will be as fresh and pure as when it came out of the churn. The salt for the brine must be of the purest kind, or the butter will be bleached by lying in it.—*Exchange.*

A CHEAP WELL.—Dig down to a depth of five of six feet a hole four feet in diameter; brick it up—using water-lime mortar. Below this dig your well, in diameter a little less than the bricked top, and as you go down plaster the dirt or sand on the sides with water-lime mortar. A well dug and plastered in this way costs one-half the price of an ordinary well of the same depth and diameter, and is proof against all kinds of vermin, not can any dirt wash down from the sides. I have a well made in this way, that has done excellent service for eleven years, and in that time it has been cleaned out only once. There is no need of cleaning such a well, as there is no accumulation of filth in it. The bricking at the top is done to avoid injury from frost, as the plaster peels off where the ground behind it has frozen.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

HEADACHE AND QUINSY.—Mrs. Jos. Hastings, of Canton, Ohio, gives her experience with the above diseases as follows: A few months ago some one of the writers for the press mentioned having nervous headache so much. I had it for years; it was my bane, my sore trouble, but for two years I have not had a touch of it. I used acid phosphate alone, a pleasant sour—a teaspoonful in a glass of water, every day. It corrects the stomach and makes one feel like a new woman. Try it, ye poor headachy women.

For quinsy, put tar on the neck and throat; it brings relief in a few hours. My husband, a minister, subject to this painful disease, cures it every time it comes on.

SHOEING HORSES IN WINTER.—In Canada, where the winter is never of a less duration that five months, they shoe their horses in the following manner, which serves for the whole winter: The smith fixes a small piece of steel on the fore part of each shoe, not tempered too hard, which turns up about a quarter of an inch, in the shape of a horse's toecalk; the same to the hinder part of the shoe, turned up a little higher than the fore part, tempered in the same manner. In going up a hill the fore part gives a purchase that assists the horse, and in going down prevents him sliding forwards. Shoes having a number of downward points are still better, though more expensive.

Ayer's *Hair Vigor,*

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to keep it from turning gray, or otherwise diseased hair, it is unsurpassed for vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DE